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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXV. }

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## A PLEA FOR THE "OLD SOUTH."

"The authorities have decided to tear down the 'Old South Church,' and devote the site to business purposes." — *Boston Globe*.

Boston! Courageous, hopeful, true!  
The world is looking full at you.  
We wonder at your splendid pluck;  
The way you bear the saddest luck.  
We look with eyes that fill with tears,  
As ruin crumbles the work of years.  
We know how patient your daily toil;  
Your spotless honor which would not soil;  
Your enterprise and your lordly gain,  
Bought with labor, and thought, and pain.  
Your Puritan history, brave and strong;  
Your hate and protest of human wrong!  
Your shield which was borne in honor bright  
Back with your sons who fell in the fight;  
Your noble love of letters. The fame  
Of many a bright, undying name.  
All! all! arise as the wind of to-day  
Is blowing the ashes and smoke away.

We think of your charities old and new,  
And the cities claim — as is their due —  
As you helped us let us help you.

What! You disdain our proffered hand?  
Alone, and strong, and straight you stand —  
"We have worked and lost, we will work again;  
We know the cost, and we know the pain."  
The Puritan blood runs proud and clear  
In hearts which know no shame or fear,  
And in the church where oft it rang,  
You sing the Psalm the Pilgrims sang.

What was the murmur of the night?  
What answer came with morning light?  
What question rose serene and clear  
So that the angels stooped to hear?  
Remember, in that hour of need,  
What thought was there of gain or greed?  
Who dared to breathe a selfish prayer,  
Or be less than a Hero there?

The youth, who watched from eve to morn,  
For the first time, the fire-fiend's scorn;  
And learned the lesson then so rife  
Which we have read from years of life —  
How frail the work of human hands!  
Cries out, "Thank God! the Old South  
stands!"

The merchant with a sinking heart  
Sees home and hope and wealth depart;  
The woman, with her trembling flock,  
Not knowing whence shall come the shock;  
Both, tearful look above the fire,  
And greet the old familiar spire.  
The Patriot treads the burning ways,  
Thinks of the past heroic days,  
Mourns the old town, whose memory  
Is th' inheritance of the Free,  
And prays the flame which granite dares,  
To spare our legends and our prayers,  
Falls on his knees and clasps his hands,  
"Thank God! Thank God, the Old South  
stands!"

Then flashes o'er the crowded wire  
The growing story of the fire,  
And Boston's children, scattered far,  
Come with pale lips to hear what scar  
Their fortunes bear from this dread night,  
Illumined by such dreadful light;  
Many the faces turning hence  
Bear the great torture of suspense;  
But still 'twas good to hear them say —  
No matter how their fortunes lay —  
As some fresh news rewards their search:  
"Thank God! He spares the Old South  
Church!"

He does not bear his trials worse  
Who had misfortune for a nurse;  
Nor will he make less good a fight  
Who bore the terrors of that night.  
A city with a heart so sound,  
Will rise from sorrow with a bound;  
But in that church where oft it rung,  
Still sing the psalm the Pilgrims sung.  
John Hancock! write thy name again,  
A protest clear, and bold, and plain.  
James Otis! with thy clarion voice  
Let Boston hills again rejoice.  
John Adams! utter words of power,  
Which never failed in trying hour.  
Winthrop! thy piety should stay  
The hands which sacrilegious lay  
Their power and will and might to tear  
From its old site this house of prayer.

Boston! as to-day you stand  
The proudest city in the land,  
Respect the omen; do not turn  
Against those walls which would not burn;  
But spare the church, which still on high  
Raises its finger to the sky,  
And says to you who felt the rod,  
Look upward, men; there still is God.  
Evening Post. M. E. W. S.

## ETHEL.

I NEVER saw thee, Ethel; but I gaze  
On the sun-picture of thy childish face,  
And, prophet-like, forecast the woman's grace  
To form thy dower in the coming days.  
Then silently within my spirit prays  
To Him who laid, of olden time, His hand  
Up'n the little ones in Holy Land,  
That He will ever guard thy earthly ways;  
That He who thus upon thy way hath smiled,  
And made thee beautiful, will keep thee good  
Through thine advancing years of woman-  
hood,  
In all thy journey through this often wild  
And wicked world; and when that world is  
past,  
Make thee, as now thou art, His own at last —  
An angel bright in Heaven, as here on earth a  
child.

Tinsley's Magazine

From The Quarterly Review.  
JOURNAL OF A FRENCH DIPLOMATIST IN ITALY.\*

It was an admired metaphor of Lord Plunkett's, alluding to the Statute of Limitations, that, "Time comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our rights, but, in his other hand, the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away." It is to be regretted that Time is not similarly empowered to mete out the periods which shall justify the publication of journals, memoirs, and correspondence, more or less partaking of the official character: that there is not a statute of limitations, to inform and protect the writers or their representatives; who are absolutely without a guide, except a varying rule of practice or propriety which only meets the extreme cases. No one thought of condemning Lady Jackson for publishing the valuable "Diaries" of her deceased husband, which we reviewed in April last; and Lord Palmerston's journals, including notes of cabinet discussions, were freely used by his biographer, Lord Dalhousie. But Mr. Charles Greville's have been discreetly kept back: Sir William Molesworth's were sealed up immediately after his death by his representatives; and when the late Marquis of Normanby announced as forthcoming his book entitled, "A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848," experienced diplomatists stood aghast at so glaring a departure from precedent and propriety. He had been British ambassador at Paris during this year of revolution; and the chief value of his journal necessarily centred in the most delicate transactions of his embassy. The Foreign Office remonstrated in the strongest terms: a sharp correspondence ensued; and the upshot was that everything gravely compromising, everything which had become known to his Lordship under the sacred seal of official confidence, was left out.

It stands to reason that discretionary control in such matters should be vested in

all governments, but nothing of the kind has been recognized in France since the rude subversion of the dynasty under which the existing races of statesmen and diplomatists have grown up. Ex-ambassadors, ex-ministers, and ex-commanders-in-chief, have been rivalling each other in their revelations; laying despatches, conversations, and secret instructions indiscriminately before the world; exclusively intent on shifting the blame from their own shoulders, and comparatively indifferent whether their imperial master or their colleagues are held responsible for the common downfall and disgrace. There is consequently no occasion for surprise, or much call for censure, when we find a young diplomatist of distinguished ability, at the very commencement of a promising career, emancipating himself from official, professional and (in some respects) social restraint; telling us what he saw or heard in his privileged capacity behind the scenes; how the prominent personages in courts and cabinets looked and talked in their unguarded moments: with what bad faith, dissimulation, mean motives, and coarse language, great affairs may be conducted or mixed up. All this, and a great deal more that is curious and illustrative, may be learned or collected from M. d'Ideville's "Journal in Italy;" the extraordinary frankness (not to say indiscretion) of which, far from being excused or palliated, is boldly put forward as its main merit and attraction in an introductory epistle by a distinguished member of the French press:—

"Monsieur," writes M. Edouard Hervé, "your Journal is about to be published by the excellent publishing firm of Hachette. The favour with which these private notes were received when they appeared by extracts in the 'Journal des Débats,' 'Le Soir,' and the 'Journal de Paris,' will follow them in their new and more complete form. The public are obliged to you for introducing them behind the scenes of the diplomacy of the Second Empire. You do more than awaken a frivolous curiosity. A patriotic interest is attached to your revelations. French diplomacy has not escaped the universal decay of our institutions. You know better than I, Monsieur, that it is now destitute of those high qualities which so long made it one of the most powerful instruments of our influence and our grandeur. Forgetful of its traditions, it

\* Henri d'Ideville. *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire.* Paris, 1872.

has lost even the secret of that fine language which it formerly wrote, and which all the foreign offices of Europe had learned at its school. The permanent interests of France, of which it was the guardian, have been sacrificed to the caprices of personal power or to the necessities of revolutionary propagandism.

"You have also been personally present at this decline. You have seen, if not the causes—for they mount higher up—at least the effects, for they were beginning to be produced in their full force at the epoch of which you treat. Placed in a secondary post, and, consequently, better fitted to observe impartially than if you had played a leading part, you have been enabled to follow, day by day, since the conclusion of the war of Italy, the march of that shortsighted policy which, in favouring Italian unity and German unity, without demanding material guarantees to our advantage from either Italy or Germany, prepared the crowning disasters of the empire."

Here, M. Hervé simply expresses the traditional policy of the majority of French statesmen, headed by M. Thiers; who conceives it both the interest and the right of France to have weak states upon her frontier. But in what respect did the Imperial Government deviate from the received doctrine? In going to war for an idea, the emperor had no intention of promoting Italian unity, or he would not have held his hand at Villa Franca; nor of neglecting material guarantees, or he would not have stipulated for Savoy and Nice. If he consolidated German unity, it was not by favouring but by opposing it; and he was never in a condition to exact a material guarantee from Germany. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, not that M. Hervé, from his peculiar point of view, should condemn the foreign policy of the empire, but that, assuming it to have been ruinous, he should encourage and commend a subordinate engaged in carrying it out for exposing it.

After expatiating on the advantages enjoyed by M. d'Ideville in studying the character of Cavour, "that Italian minister who did so much good to his own country, and so much harm to ours, because we so willed it," M. Hervé continues:—

"What seducing or merely interesting types

you have grouped around this grand figure! Here it is the prince whom you have somewhere termed 'the mock Henry IV. of another Sully:' resembling the Bèarnais rather in small points than great, and slightly Gascon, it must be owned, although not born on the banks of the Garonne. There it is the woman whose beauty Greece would have deified and reserved as a model for Phidias or Praxiteles: an antique marble misplaced in our profane age. Alongside of her is another woman of whom you could do no more than indicate the strange and complex type: a little of the princess, a little of the *bel esprit*, sometimes *spirituelle* and always adventurous, whom one would not wish the wife of one's worst enemy, and who has been married twice. Further on it is M. Benedetti, the skilful diplomatist, who, you say, would have been without reproach if chance had not made him Italian instead of French: it is M. Ratazzi, one of those second-rate politicians abundantly produced by the Bar, men of words rather than of action, and amongst whom the tone of mind is not always on a level with the intelligence. I say nothing of other types, and among the most curious and the most striking. All this Italian society revives in your book, such as it was ten years since, when your happily indiscreet pen surprised and fixed its features. Your book will take its place in the grand inquest that France is at this moment instituting on the causes of her disasters. Wörth and Sedan were building in the policy, the strings of which you saw at work. Competent writers have revealed the imperfections of our military organization: you initiate us into the weaknesses of our diplomacy."

We have quoted these spirited passages because no words of ours could convey more pointedly or concisely an accurate impression of the "Journal," which, although extending over less than three years, comprises and lays bare some of the most curious and important events in history.

The author was named secretary of embassy to the French legation at Turin, and assumed the active duties of his post at the beginning of September 1859. Italy and France, he states, were still under the emotion of the short and glorious campaign which had pushed back the Austrians behind the Quadrilateral. But the victory of Magenta (June 4) and that of Solferino (June 24) were already



forgotten and their impression effaced by the peace of Villa Franca. This peace, it will be remembered, whilst securing the independence of the Milanese, and directly leading to that of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, threw a dark and menacing, although (as it proved) temporary, cloud over the bright dawn of Italian unity, and checked the soaring ambition of Cavour in mid-career. The estimate of it, therefore, naturally varied with the locality:—

“The discontent which this prudent and political measure of the Emperor Napoleon caused in Piedmont strongly resembled ingratitude, and I was equally surprised and saddened on arriving at Turin to see the portraits of Orsini and the most violent pamphlets against France ostentatiously displayed in the shop windows of the engravers and booksellers.

“Whilst Turin was still grumbling against too precipitate a peace, Milan, hardly two months since capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, now a free Italian city, received her French liberators with a joy and an enthusiasm of which it is difficult to form a notion.”

The chief of the French legation at Turin at this time was the late Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, afterwards French ambassador in England, to whose estimable qualities his quondam secretary bears a high and well-merited tribute. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marshal Vaillant, who with his staff was established at the Villa Bonaparte, the former residence of the viceroy of Italy at Milan. His traditional reputation for soldier-like bluntness may be collected from an anecdote. A lady petitioner, whom he had unceremoniously dismissed, had indignantly left the room, when he called after her: “Pardon, Madame, mais vous me prenez pour un *sanglier*.”—“Oh, non, Maréchal, pas si sauvage.” After a moment's pause, he said half aloud: “C'est-à-dire que je suis un *cochon*.” M. d'Ideville, who was the bearer of a delicate communication from the minister to the commander-in-chief whilst much depended on their effective co-operation, was delighted with his reception, and experienced none of the military roughness he had been led to apprehend. The marshal

thus gave him the benefit of his observations and reflections:—

“‘They will only apply to me,’ were his words, speaking of the Austrians, ‘so great is their repugnance to considering Lombardy as belonging to Piedmont. It will be so till we have evacuated Italy. I am, moreover, well satisfied with their courtesy and my relations with General Degenfeld. I should say as much of the Lombards and the Piedmontese army, although there exists a shade of jealousy between our allies and us. Our young officers are probably more brilliant, more enterprising, than theirs, and your friends Vogüé, Louvenecourt, and so many others, are more petted, more listened to, more favoured, I own, by the Milanese beauties than the new possessors of Lombardy.’”

This may have been so, but the same story is always told by French writers of the French. Whether captors or captives in the ruder fields of conflict with the male sex, they (by their own shewing) are invariably successful with the fair; and they boast of having, when prisoners in Berlin, revenged Wörth and Sedan by dint of the same personal gifts and accomplishments, which enabled them to improve upon Magenta and Solferino at Milan:—

“‘However,’ continues the general, ‘all goes well: all will have their turn, and our occupation will not be eternal. Note well! the Piedmontese is cold, but energetic, disciplined. Remember what I tell you, my young friend: I have lived half a century in Rome and Italy: men do not change: I know my Italians and appreciate them at their value. To my mind the Piedmontese will be always the muscles of Italy: without muscles the body is inert: the finest head cannot act.’

“The marshal, after showing me his garden, took me to his bed-chamber and pointed to his bed: ‘In that bed Marshal Radetzky died, but the Emperor, I hope, will not leave me in Italy long enough to die in it.’”

We have always been given to understand that the Austrians in Italy were insulting as well as oppressive: that they treated the Italians as an inferior race; and circumstances have come to our knowledge which go far to substantiate the charge. For example, in 1857, an English family of distinction were travelling by the railway between Milan and Verona, when, in the middle of the night,

they were summoned to vacate their carriage for the accommodation of an Austrian general and his suite. On making known their nationality, they were permitted to remain; and an Italian party in the next carriage were turned out. But M. d'Iderville, who heard both sides, says that, although the Milanese made it a point of honour to treat the Austrians as the Germans are now treated by the French, that is, to shun their society and hold no sort of friendly intercourse with them, "still, to be just, these oppressors were the gentlest and the best of tyrants. Their only crime, and it was one, was to wear the white uniform and to speak the German language." In illustration of the honest and enlightened character of their administration, he reproduces a statement made in his presence, by Cavour to the Baron de Talleyrand, who succeeded the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne as head of the French Legation:—

"Do you know who, during the Austrian occupation, was our most terrible enemy in Lombardy? the one whom I dreaded most, and the steps of whose progress I counted day by day with dismay? Well, it was the Archduke Maximilian, the last viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. He was young, active, enterprising. He had devoted himself heart and soul to the difficult task of reconciling the Milanese; and assuredly he would have succeeded. Already his perseverance, his kindly bearing, his just and liberal mind, had won numerous partisans away from us. At no time had the Lombard provinces been so prosperous, so well administered. I began to be alarmed; but, thank Heaven, the kind Government of Vienna intervened, and, as is its wont, seized, without hesitating, the occasion to commit a blunder, an impolitic act, at once the most fatal to Austria and the most salutary for Piedmont. The wise reforms of the Archduke had given umbrage to the old party of the "Gazette de Vérone," and the Emperor Francis Joseph, well-advised for once, recalled his brother Maximilian from Milan. I breathed freely on hearing this news: nothing was lost: Lombardy could not escape us now."

It has been said of Austria that she is always a year, an army, or an idea, behind-hand. In this instance it was the idea. But the reconciliation of a conquered community, an alien population, with the conquerors by dint of good government, is an event almost unprecedented in history. It may come to pass by the gradual blending of races, but not until the sharp line of demarcation, drawn by habits, manners, and language, has been worn away. It took two centuries to mould the Normans and Saxons into the English nation; and

the hourly swelling cry of Home Rule is all the thanks we get for letting Ireland have her own way without her own way of having it.

The peace of Villa Franca led to the immediate resignation of Cavour, who was content to bide his time; convinced that the ball he had set rolling could not be stopped halfway down the acclivity; and the Emperor Napoleon soon came perforce to the same conclusion. In open defiance of his known wishes, the minor sovereignties were practically annexed; and the sole remaining hope of preventing the complete failure of his policy in the eyes of French statesmen was to surrender the barren boast of having made war for an idea and exact a solid compensation for his services.

Each receding step of the Emperor of the French and each advance of the King of Italy at this crisis are keenly watched and noted by the French secretary. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, whose personal views were opposed to those of Cavour, was recalled, and received his audience to take leave on December 13, 1859:—

"I accompanied my minister, and, according to custom, waited with the aides-de-camp, in the adjoining *salon*. Towards the end of the audience, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had forewarned me, half opened the door, and made me a sign to enter. The *salon* in which I was introduced was very simply decorated: the only ornaments were some portraits, full-length, of princes and princesses of the House of Savoy: amongst them were cardinals, bishops, saints. The King, in uniform, was standing near a window. He held out his hand to me when I approached with an obeisance, and asked if I was passing my time agreeably at Turin, 'a place of residence that you must find very melancholy on arriving from Paris.' After some commonplace questions, the King resumed his conversation with the Prince. The future King of Italy seemed in remarkably good humour on that day. It was the first time I approached a crowned head, and I confess that the emotion which came over me on passing the threshold of the door was speedily dissipated. His Sardinian Majesty expressed to the Prince the lively regret he felt at his departure, and asked several particulars relating to his successor, the Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord. Finally, as the Prince was about to take his leave, the King eagerly seized both his hands:—

"Now, my dear Prince, when are we to meet again? You are going to Berlin: I remain here, where I have still so many things to do."

"Great and good things, assuredly, Sire," said the Prince.

"Doubtless," said the King, "but, happen

what may, my dear Minister, I should not like you to leave me under bad impressions. I am sure that you, too, take me for one of the impious, for an unbeliever, as they are pleased to say. You are wrong. I am not a bad Christian. If I have kings among my ancestors, I count saints also in my family. Hold! look around!" — and Victor Emmanuel pointed with animation to the portraits that tapestried the walls. "Well, do you suppose that there, on high, all these saints which belong to me have any other occupation than to pray for me? Then be at ease," added he, as if wishing to reply to a question which the ambassador refrained from putting, but to which the conversation naturally led; "if ever, some day or other, the question about going to Rome should arise, it is to Humbert alone, I swear, that I would leave the task. For nothing in the world would I set foot in Rome. I respect Pope Pius IX., and I know that at the bottom of his heart he loves me much — even me, doubt it not. Besides, what can I wish for more? Have I not done enough for Italy?"

M. d'Ideville adds that these words, which he reports literally, were repeated by the King several times, and to other persons besides the French minister. Nor was his Majesty far wrong in supposing that the Pope had a weakness for him, and was disposed to regard him in the light of an unwilling instrument in the spoliation of the Holy See. His Holiness stated as much at a later period to M. d'Ideville at Rome: "It is not the King with whom I am most angry: he is not ill-disposed; he is weak, vainglorious: I pity him, and I cannot forget that all his belongings have loved this Church: so I hope he will some day or other be mindful of her." Nor was his Majesty fairly chargeable with dissimulation or hypocrisy when he prided himself on his traditional Christianity, and vowed that no consideration should induce him to set foot in Rome. He meant what he said: he was fully capable of resisting temptation at a distance or in the abstract; and he was swayed by circumstances as they arose. His frank, open character suggests a defence which could hardly be made for the Emperor Charles V., who, when the Pope was made prisoner by his troops at the sack of Rome, "appointed prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the recovery of the Pope's liberty, which, by an order to his generals, he could immediately have granted him." M. d'Ideville adds in a note: "The King has continued devout: like all the princes of the house of Savoy, he had strongly marked religious feelings in his infancy and

his youth. Up to the present time (1872) he has performed his religious duties every year regularly at Turin. It is rumoured in Italy that, if he does not fear God as he ought to fear Him, he has great fear of the devil."

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is described as surrendering his Italian mission without regret, and two incidents, warranted authentic, are set down as tending to disgust him with the post. One day, whilst Cavour was still president of the council, the Prince received from Count Walewski (then secretary for foreign affairs) a despatch to be read and communicated to Cavour. This time there was no mistaking the intentions of the court of the Tuileries. In clear and precise language, referring to the troubles and agitation fomented by the Sardinian cabinet in the duchies and Central Italy, the French government declared, without circumvention or qualification, to that of Turin that any attempt at annexation would be considered a breach of the treaties: in a word, that it was at his own risk and peril, and in contempt of French counsels, that the King was throwing himself at haphazard into enterprises which might prove fatal to him in the end. This despatch fell in exactly with the Prince's mode of thinking, and he gladly hurried with it to Cavour. "My dear Count," he began, "I have a disagreeable duty to perform; but my government, as I have frequently given you to understand, energetically disapproves your attitude, and this is what Count Walewski requests me to communicate." Cavour, his head buried in his hands, listened, without interrupting, to the despatch from the French Foreign Office; then, when the French minister had finished, he replied with an affected air of confusion, "Alas! you are right, my dear Prince; what M. Walewski writes to you is not, I must own, in a tone to encourage our hopes: we are roundly taken to task: but what would you say if, in my turn, I read to you what this time comes to me directly from the Tuileries, and from a certain personage of your acquaintance?" At the same time he drew from his pocket, with a knowing air, a letter, bearing the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard confidentially assured him, on the part of the Emperor, that the projects of annexation were favourably viewed, and that he need not trouble himself about the complications that might result. The Prince folded up his despatch, and was bowed out with a smile of triumph by the Count.

\* Robertson's "Reign of the Emperor Charles V."

The compact between the French emperor and Cavour was clearly understood on both sides to be of an elastic character, subject to modification from events, and there may have been moments when either of the contracting parties might have wavered or been disposed to draw back without incurring a suspicion of bad faith. In one of these, the Emperor, inspired (it is suggested) by the Empress, wrote the King of Piedmont a letter in which he attempted to retreat from the most compromising of his engagements. The King's indignation after receiving it was such that he lost all power of self-control, and taking the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne into a side-room during a state ball, he apostrophized him in the rudest language, seasoned with phrases personally insulting to the Emperor: "What, after all, is this fellow, this — ? The last arrival among the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder amongst us. Let him remember who he, he, is, and what I, I am! — the chief of the first and most ancient race reigning in Europe." The unlucky minister listened to this unbecoming burst with perfect coolness, and simply said when it was spent, "Sire, would your Majesty graciously permit me not to have heard a syllable of the words you have just uttered." The King abruptly broke up the interview; but in the course of the evening, he rejoined the French minister, and, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, "It is not indispensable, my dear Prince, is it, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening? Besides, did you not, you yourself, tell me that you had heard nothing?"

No French statesman or diplomatist will ever see anything wrong in a transaction by which France acquires territory, or anything right in one by which it is taken from her. Glossing over the treaty or family compact of Plombières, M. d'Ideville says that the first overtures on the subject of Nice and Savoy were made to the Piedmontese government while the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne was still at Turin.

"The Emperor, with his usual reticence, had hitherto not pronounced a word which could foreshadow his intentions; but no one entertained a doubt at Paris or Turin that the intervention must have another result besides giving Lombardy to the King of Piedmont. Moreover, the pretensions of the French government were perfectly legitimate. To say nothing of the moral ties that time immemorial had attached Nice and Savoy to France, or of their community of manners and interests, it was impossible

to suppose that the Emperor could have consented to lend himself to the aggrandizement of a neighbouring State, without securing to himself a territorial compensation which was, roundly speaking, a trifle in comparison of the sudden aggrandizement of the house of Savoy."

This argument breaks down at once unless it can be contended that the house of Savoy, by dint of its new acquisitions, was likely to become formidable to France; and as for moral ties, could any be stronger than those which bound the royal family of Savoy to the hereditary domains, the cradle rich in tradition, rich in historical association, of their house? The subject was fully discussed in a former number (July, 1861), and we adhere to the conclusion at which we arrived then, that, whatever might be said for Victor Emmanuel and his minister, the conduct of France was indefensible. She compromised something more than her reputation for disinterestedness. She compromised her reputation for good faith, and sanctioned a doctrine which was speedily to be turned against herself.

The bargain for the cession of Savoy and Nice was kept secret till the war was over, and the moral support of England had become immaterial. When, after repeated evasions and denials, it was brought to light, it came upon the English friends of Italian independence like a thunderclap; and no one was more surprised or irritated than Lord Palmerston, the warmest supporter of the cause. He never forgave the ex-Emperor for what he deemed the slight and deceit put upon him; and thenceforth to his dying day, regarded his imperial friend with suspicion and distrust; which would hardly have been lessened had he lived to hear of the Benedetti negotiations at Berlin. Nor did the mischief stop here. This doctrine of territorial compensation, of rounding frontiers, of annexing (so-called) homogeneous provinces or communities, will always be turned to account by the strongest; and the strongest for the time being should remember that they may become the weakest —

*"Turno tempus erit, magni cum optaverit  
emptum  
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque  
Oderit."*

Savoy and Nice were freshly remembered when Alsace was reclaimed by Germany, and the warmest sympathizers with France could not deny that she was treated no worse than she meant to treat her

adversary had she been able to fulfil the threat of dictating conditions at Berlin.

It was at Milan, where the French legation were in attendance on the court, that, returning to his hotel about two in the morning from a ball given to the King by the notables and merchants, M. de Talleyrand received a pressing telegram from Paris, with an order to communicate it immediately to Cavour. It announced the order of departure given to the French army of occupation, and desired the French minister to resume without the delay of an hour the negotiations on the subject of Savoy and Nice. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, M. de Talleyrand got into his carriage and drove to the palace where the president of the council was lodged:

"The King was alighting from his carriage with his minister when we drove into the court; and M. de Cavour, learning that the French minister, whom he had left half an hour before, desired an audience, received him on the instant.

"M. de Talleyrand requested the Count's permission for me to be present at the interview, and without more ado communicated the despatch. M. de Cavour appeared a little surprised at the (according to him) premature order of evacuation, which, he remarked, in being useful to Italy, must cause a real satisfaction at Vienna. 'If the English,' he added, with a laugh, 'had occupied Genoa on the same conditions on which you occupy Milan and Lombardy, do you believe that they would have been in such a hurry as you to abandon Italy? At all events, it was foreseen: all is for the best, and we shall accept this decision of the Emperor with more pleasure than the second part of your despatch. So he holds firmly to Savoy and this unhappy city of Nice?'

"M. de Talleyrand hastened to reply that France and the Emperor considered the thing as done, and did not expect, on his part, to have any discussion on this subject with the Sardinian cabinet, except on the most advantageous mode for both governments of terminating the negotiation. Although in the different interviews of the Emperor with Cavour at Plombières and elsewhere, this important clause, express condition of our intervention in Italy, had always been reserved, the minister of Victor Emmanuel, once in possession of Lombardy, would certainly not have been the first to recall his promises."

As M. de Talleyrand had acted up to the full spirit of his instructions, and carried them out with ability and tact, some surprise was excited by the arrival, two days before the signature of the Treaty of Cession at Turin, of M. Benedetti from the French Foreign Office in the capacity of second plenipotentiary. M. d'Ideville main-

tains that this appointment came too late for any useful purpose, and attributes it to an ungenerous desire on the part of M. Benedetti to share the honour of acquiring two provinces for France. According to him, the susceptibility of Baron de Talleyrand was wounded to such an extent that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his mission and demanding to be placed upon the retired list. We have authority for stating that M. d'Ideville wrote under a mistaken impression upon this subject. M. de Talleyrand entertained no thoughts of the kind; and the arrival of M. Benedetti did, in fact, accelerate the execution of the treaty. It was formally executed on the 24th of March at three o'clock in the afternoon. M. d'Ideville prints the precise hour in italics —

"M. de Talleyrand had brought me with him to read the secret memorandum and the minute of the treaty destined for the Sardinian Government, whilst M. Artom, the Secretary of the Count de Cavour, followed me on the instrument destined for France. The other plenipotentiaries, MM. de Talleyrand, Benedetti and Farini, were seated in the little green cabinet at the angle of the palace, habitually occupied by M. de Cavour. He was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent down. Never had I seen him so preoccupied, so silent: his unalterable gaiety, his proverbial air of *bonhomie*, had abandoned him. In this solemn moment, when the stroke of a pen was about to take from his master two provinces, of which one was the cradle of the House of Savoy, the self-concentration, and even the sadness, of the great Minister will be easily understood.

"After the reading of the treaty and the memorandum, the Count de Cavour took a pen and signed the two instruments with a firm hand. Immediately afterwards his physiognomy grew calm, and the habitual smile returned to his lips. He drew near to M. de Talleyrand, rubbing his hands, a gesture familiar to him, and said in a low tone, 'Now we are accomplices, is it not so, Baron?'

Here is a scene for an historical painter; but one of first-rate genius would be needed to throw into Cavour's face the complicated expression which must have accompanied the concluding words: words of the deepest signification, betraying the grasping and far-sighted character of his policy. It was not to fulfil an engagement, nor to keep what he had already got, that he signed away Savoy and Nice upon this day, but to secure the complicity of France in those meditated annexations and growing schemes of aggrandizement, which were to know nor stop nor stay —



"On Gaeta's walls till Piedmont's banners fly  
And all be mine beneath th' Italian sky."

Lord Palmerston was no believer in Italian unity. He thought that the attempt to unite the Two Sicilies under the same monarchy with the Northern and Central States would prove as vain as the abortive experiment of moulding Holland and Belgium into one. He had declared as much in the British Parliament: he had termed the French expedition in aid of Victor Emmanuel "a noble enterprise," under the belief that it was a disinterested one; and he was consequently left studiously in the dark till the confederates could venture to throw off the mask:—

"Never was negotiation kept more secret, for the very day of the signature of the treaty, the presence of M. Benedetti was not generally known at Turin. The Count de Cavour, it is true, was greatly interested in keeping the facts secret as long as possible. A few days before Sir James Hudson had extorted from him the direct positive promise to oppose a categorical refusal to our pretensions to the country of Nice.

"The Count Brassier de Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia, and the Count de Stackelberg, Minister of Russia, happening to be at the club on the evening of the 24th, inquired of M. de Rayneval and me if it was true that the treaty was to be signed on the 30th, and that a second plenipotentiary had been named for the occasion: they had nothing in their minds beyond the cession of Savoy. It was very recently that the journals had begun to speak of the annexation of Nice; and up to the last moment, M. de Cavour had hoped that the Emperor would abandon his pretensions put forward recently enough, and would attach some weight to the protestations of the English Cabinet, and above all to the embassaments that might result to Piedmont, from what they called too great a subserviency to France."

Two days before the signature of the treaty, the Marchese d'Azeglio, then accredited minister from the King of Sardinia to the British court, was at Turin and had an audience with Cavour, whose parting words were: *Se potessimo almeno salvar Nizza!* ("If we could at least save Nice.")

We really believe that the exigencies of the Emperor's domestic position at this time did not allow him to be generous, had he been so minded: he was obliged to act up to the traditional policy of France, which was never famous for disinterestedness and, with reference to this very transaction, was pointedly defined by a repartee. At one of Lady Palmerston's soirées, a French attaché, on his way to the refreshment room, said to Lord Houghton, "*Je*

*vais prendre quelque chose.*" "*Vous avez raison,*" was the reply; "*c'est l'habitude de votre pays.*"\*

M. d'Ideville's revelations are not confined to political events or political personages in their public relations. He describes and analyzes the society of Turin and Milan; treats us to lifelike scenes and pictures drawn from it; and takes us along with him into the inmost recesses of confidential intimacy with men and women who are, or have been, its ornament and its pride. Conspicuous, pre-eminent, resplendent among these is the Countess de Castiglione, who, if not exactly deified as she would have been in Greece, was pronounced in the leading capitals of Europe, with hardly a dissenting voice, the most beautiful woman of her time. Her face and figure, which seemed moulded after the finest models of the antique, were equally faultless. She completely realized the ideal of the poet:

"There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's  
light;  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made  
tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour."

When M. d'Ideville made her acquaintance, she was living in a retired villa, the Villa Gloria, with her son, a boy of four or five, separated from her husband and secluded from the world. It was (he says) by an exceptional act of favour, only (and very rarely) accorded to his countrymen, that he was admitted to the shrine. He returned to Turin after the first visit with his equanimity undisturbed: "the strange beauty of the woman, the perfect harmony of her form and features, seize and surprise, but admiration excludes every other sentiment."

He returned five or six times to the villa,

\* The circumstances which led to the cession of Nice and Savoy are still involved in obscurity. The meeting between the French Emperor and Cavour at Plombières took place in the autumn of 1858; and down to February, 1860, Cavour persevered in stating that the King was under no engagement to "cede, exchange, or sell" Savoy and Nice to France. At a prior period, in reply to inquiries from the Derby Government (acting on private information supplied by Mr. Kinglake), the Sardinian Cabinet had positively denied the existence of any "treaty" to that effect. In July, 1859, Count Walewski formally assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy. The plausible solution is that there was no treaty, but a family compact including an agreement for the cession contingent on events. The project was anything but new; and when M. d'Ideville speaks of the negotiation being kept secret, he must mean merely the negotiation for the formal execution of the final and decisive act.



and the impression remained substantially the same:—

"I was, however, much less severe than those who spoke of her: 'Vacant-minded, profoundly egotistical, solely occupied with her beauty, haughty, impertinent, capricious, she envelopes the whole world in an immense contempt; incapable of feeling an affection, and, strange to say, incapable of inspiring a true love—a serious passion.' 'She is too beautiful!' exclaimed the women; 'and happily she is no more than beautiful.' I listened in silence to these generous estimates: at first they appeared just; at the same time they did not entirely satisfy me."

She is an enigma that puzzles him, from which he cannot withdraw his thoughts. The voluntary exile to which she had condemned herself—this woman, whose appearance at Paris and London had never failed to create a sensation, had almost the importance of an event; her solitary life, her mysterious habits, her absolute indifference for what was passing in the world, kept his curiosity constantly on the strain. He cannot admit the possibility of her being unintellectual:

"To bear up against so complete a solitude, to support the horrible existence that she leads, she must infallibly be quite different from what she is supposed: she must have resources in herself unknown to the vulgar, a really superior intelligence, an extraordinary mind, unique, in fact, as her form. What is there in the depths of this heart, of which many deny the existence? It is impossible that a creature so wonderfully beautiful should be deprived of that vivifying breath by which even ugliness is illumined and transfigured."

He had given up all attempt at solution in despair, and the interests was beginning to flag, when, in a moment of *ennui*, he strolled to the villa by himself. He is admitted, and finds himself, for the first time, alone with the recluse. Then the veil of reserve was lifted, the statue became animated, and flashes of thought, which electrify him, escaped from the chiselled lips. He went away, troubled and pensive, to return very shortly for another *tête-à-tête*, which lasted two hours and was the prelude to many more:

"I insensibly accustomed myself to take the road to the villa, and each time I returned charmed. She became confiding, expansive; who would have thought it? I soon learned a part of her life, and I saw she was happy in having found a confidant. We made long boating expeditions (on the Po) together; every day I learned to know her better, and she revealed herself with a charming *naïveté*. Now, I judge her without enthusiasm, without passion; and I believe myself to be one of the very few who

know her value. . . . She is far from being, as people have dared to say, an incomplete creature. The soul is truly worthy of the body: the harmony is perfect; and it is, unhappily, the consciousness of her strength, that renders her so proud, and causes her to envelope all humankind in an immense disdain. It is not her beauty of which she is most vain; it is the elevation of her character and her thoughts. She believes herself placed above others. 'Scarcely have I traversed life, and already my part is played out,' were her words. . . . 'I have been misplaced always and everywhere,' she continued; 'I am not at ease and thoroughly myself except with those who are superior to me, or amongst simple people. Did you observe how my old boatmen adore me? Those only who have divined me, love me. I was thought haughty with my equals, with those at least whom the laws of society compelled me to treat as such. Tell me, can I be otherwise? I have made earnest, sincere efforts to soften my pride; I have not succeeded; for, in my own despite, the society of most men and women that you call distinguished and intelligent, causes me a lassitude, a disgust, which resembles, I own, a sovereign contempt sufficiently to be mistaken for it. This is why I always find myself displaced; and I fairly own to you I find myself so far above others that I prefer living on my hill, sometimes tranquil, always independent, and above all sheltered from those *banal* ties which I hate. Is not this the sole mode of escaping from everything which is stupid, vulgar, ugly, and false—from all, in a word, which is antagonistic to me?'"

As a true friend and dispassionate admirer he should have told her it was not. He should have pressed her to suspend the habitual indulgence of solitary self-worship for an interval, and try the effect of a little honest self-examination, or of intellectual intercourse with minds of the higher order busied with other topics than her charms. But he was too fascinated to play the Mentor: he does not even see that the pleasure she took in telling him her story and detailing her impressions, in making him (as he says) her confidant, was, at best, a symptom of the mental and moral disease that, by her own shewing, was at its height. Completely under the spell of the enchantress, he is in the mood for idealizing her very caprices or her faults; and on the eve of his departure from Turin he shews her all the passages of his Journal (including those we have quoted) relating to her:—

"She read the preceding pages with interest. On returning my note-book, she said, 'You will see what I have added.' It ran thus: 'Il Padre eterno non sapeva cosa si faceva quel giorno che la messa al mondo; ha impastato tanto e tanto, e quando l'ha avuto fatto, ha per-

so la testa vedendo la sua maravigliosa opera, e l'ha lasciata lì, in un canto, senza metterla a posto. In tanto, l'hanno chiamato da un'altra parte, e quando, è tornato l'ha trovata, fuori di posto."

"For whoever has known her, this strange notion of herself, which she expresses with such adorable *naïveté*, has I know not what of ingenious and startling, that disarms all or criticism."

Such a character in a work of fiction would be deemed overdrawn, and when we find it in actual life, we are irresistibly attracted to the consideration of it, and anxious to know how it was formed, as well as to what extent it has been modified with advancing years. She was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, the Marquis Oldioni, and born in Florence in 1840. M. d'Ideville errs in stating that she lost her mother in infancy, although she seems to have been emancipated from maternal control at an unusually early age:—

"She became the idol of Florence, that strange city, where, in the olden time, pleasure and folly were much more sovereign than the Grand Duke. At thirteen — this is authentic — Mademoiselle Virginie Oldioni had for her individual self her box at the Pergola, and her carriage at the Cascine. A crowd of passionate admirers surrounded her; all her caprices were orders; and the little Marchesa, almost a child, already excited the jealousy and the hatred of her most courted contemporaries. Must we be very severe upon her, when we think of this sad education, of this precocious childhood, passed in the midst of the vanities and flatteries of the most frivolous society in Europe."

She married at fifteen a man of twenty-two, the Count de Castiglione; and she gave M. d'Ideville the following brief dialogue as a specimen of the interchange of feelings and sentiments which preceded their union:

"But I entreat you, my dear Count, cease to demand my hand. I have no affection for you, no sympathy. I feel that you will always be for me the most indifferent of men." "What matters it?" was his reply; "you will never love me, be it so. But I shall have the pride of possessing the most beautiful woman of my time."

They lived (she added) a life of luxury and extravagance for some years; when his fortune becoming dilapidated and the incompatibility remaining as fixed as ever,

\* "The Father Eternal did not know what he was creating when he brought her into the world: he kneaded again and again, and when he had finished, he lost his head on seeing his wonderful work, and left her there, in a corner, without placing her. In the mean time, he was summoned elsewhere, and, when he returned, he found her out of place."

a separation was arranged, and she retired to the villa in which she was fortunately discovered and converted into one of the most sparkling gems of his journal by the diplomatist. We do not question his good faith, but from what we know from other sources of this far-famed beauty, we cannot help suspecting that she amused herself by mystifying him. Certain is it that her seclusion was temporary and occasional; that she never withdrew, or pretended to withdraw, from society; that her ordinary residence was at Passy, near Paris, till 1868; that she has continued taking a marked interest in politics; and that those who know her best fully acquit her of the fatuity of supposing in right earnest, at any time, that there was nothing worthy to engage her attention or hold communion with her upon earth.

The Countess de Castiglione is not the only female celebrity who took M. d'Ideville into her confidence, with the obvious view of making him her medium of communication with the world. On the 31st August, 1861, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a note from Madame de Solms — arrived that very morning at Turin — requesting him to call on her at nine. Madame de Solms, afterwards Madame Ratazzi, née Bonaparte-Wyse, is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and the secretary of embassy of course treats her as a princess. He repairs to her hotel at the appointed time, and finds her in a *déshabillé coquet, mais toujours aussi négligée que d'habitude*. After informing him of her reconciliation with her cousin the Emperor, she is coquettishly calling him to account for neglecting one of her friends, when there is a knock at the door, and enter Count Cibrario, Grand-Chancellor of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, a man of letters and ex-minister, between sixty and seventy years of age, enjoying the repute of an ardent devotee of beauty, letters, and philosophy. His disappointment at not finding the lady alone is painted in his face, and he has scarcely time to recover his equanimity, when the door opens again, to admit the celebrated deputy, orator, and poet, Brofferio. This was too much for the unlucky Grand-Chancellor, who wished himself anywhere else. It was bad enough to find a Secretary of the French Legation with the lady; but to tumble upon Brofferio, the mischievous wit, the fiery deputy of the Left, was a more serious matter. After undergoing a series of pleasantries upon the fortunate accident which had brought them together, he was beginning to breathe more freely as the

last comer rose to take leave, when a light and discreet tap at the door of the room announced a fresh visitor:—

"The lady did not hear it. 'Come in,' cried Brofferio with his powerful voice; and through the half-opened door we saw timidly advancing the slight person of the President Ratazzi. I have never seen a fox-like physiognomy more downcast than that of the new visitor at the sight of the three guests of Madame de Solms. Indeed it was difficult to find three individuals who were less sympathetic to him, or whose presence was more embarrassing. Instead of the *tête-à-tête* he had fondly anticipated when ascending the staircase of the hotel, he fell into the middle of an animated conversation, and saw clearly from Brofferio's smile and mine that his feelings were betrayed by his face."

Cibrario fled the field: but Brofferio, from mere love of mischief and fun, immediately laid down the hat which he had taken up to depart, saying, "I cannot do my president the injustice or the pleasure of going away on his coming in, and with your permission, Countess, I will stay a few minutes longer. It is so long since M. Ratazzi and I have conversed together, otherwise than from the tribune to the bench, and Heaven knows my president never addresses a word to me except to call me to order. With you, dear madame, we are on a footing of equality, and on neutral ground: is it not true, M. le Président?"

The President did his best to reply in the same tone, and the conversation was sustained with tolerable spirit till Brofferio went away, and M. d'Ideville was about to follow him, when the lady gave him an imperative sign to stay and save her from the meditated *tête-à-tête*. Why she shunned it, does not appear, and may with no lack of charity be attributed to caprice when we find how rapidly she changed her feelings or her tone:—

"It was to Turin that M. de Solms came to die—that fabulous personage whose existence was denied by many. He came by order: the poor man arrived in most pitiable case, but had the wit to quit this world after passing some weeks under the same roof with his wife, in order, probably, that his decease might be duly certified, and that no doubt might exist as to the rupture of the purely social ties which bound him to the princess, nor as to the complete liberty of the young widow. Strange proceeding! which the French law would not have tolerated; the marriage between Madame de Solms and M. Ratazzi took place at Turin, fifteen days after the decease of her first husband."

Prior to her second marriage, this princess of the Bonaparte stock was good

enough to sketch her own character, in a studied epistle, for the edification of M. d'Ideville and (through his willing and authorized instrumentality) the edification of all others who may care to study it:—

"I am not so difficult to know as you imagine. I have a great deal of heart and a sufficiency of mind (*esprit*), a very bad head, and a great awkwardness in all things. I am frank, especially because it would weary me to take the trouble of being hypocritical, loyal through pride, firm in my conduct and my friendships through egotism. I am good-natured, because, up to a certain point, it is a grace in a woman, and I make a point of remaining woman, in spite of my blue stockings, as much as possible: I am not inoffensive, for it would be a deceit, and I am not religious enough to pardon nor even to forget injuries. To sum up all, I have great qualities and great defects; I believe, however, that, modesty apart, the former outweigh the latter. I reckon among my good qualities the fixed resolve not to be and, above all, not to appear perfect. I have no good sense at all, but I have a very sure *caractère*. I have no pretension: I am consequently unable to endure affectation in others. To have done with my autobiography, I am the best friend that could be found: an honest woman, but an impossible wife (that M. Hervé's phrase) I would not wish to my worst enemy: you see that I am sincere."

Why does so clever a woman paint herself in this fashion? Because she thinks she can afford to do so. Because she expects to leave a favourable impression upon the whole. Because she would rather leave an unfavourable impression than none. Because, like the Countess de Castiglione, she knows no pleasanter subject of analysis and speculation than herself. Rochefoucauld explains why two lovers are never tired of talking to one another by the fact that they are always talking of themselves. The female rage for confidential communication and self-delineation may almost always be resolved into the same principle.

The private lives of royal personages belong to history, and the Duchess of Genoa was too tempting a subject to be omitted. A princess of Saxony by birth, she was married to the Duke of Genoa, the King's brother, who died in 1855. The marriage was not esteemed a happy one, and shortly after his death, she privately and suddenly married M. Rapallo, a lieutenant in the army, of mean birth, who had belonged to the staff of her deceased lord. "How came it to pass that this proud woman, who had never been suspected of irregularity, was hurried into startling the court of Turin by the scandal of a secret union and so strange a *mésalliance*?" The dramatic and

mysterious stories that were whispered about are dismissed by M. d'Ideville as void of foundation, with the exception of one, equally apocryphal, which attributes the event to a fit of vexation and pique, to smothered anger resulting from disappointed ambition. "She had dreamed, it was said, and there was nothing extravagant in the dream, of becoming queen of Sardinia. She was handsome, insinuating: the King, her brother-in-law, was already captivated. But at the first advances of the princess, and from the moment when she had declared the conditions on which she would accept the royal attentions, he drew off in terror. At this particular epoch, the thought of such a union was tinged with a sadness and fatality which frightened the superstitious monarch."

Not long since, this same palace of Turin, within the space of fifteen days, had opened its gates to give passage to three coffins of the royal family; the Queen, the Duke of Genoa, and the Queen-Dowager. Although still in love with his sister-in-law, his Majesty came to an explanation with her: on its conclusion there remained to the Duchess no hope of mounting the throne of Sardinia. Disappointed in her projects, maddened by resentment and eager for revenge, she was bent on humiliating the sovereign and exasperating the lover at any price. To attain this end, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself. She was secretly married to Rapallo at night in a chateau some leagues from Turin; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, she caused it to be made known to the King. His anger knew no bounds: in the first burst of passion he resolved on banishing his brother's widow from his realm, take away her children, forbid her to bear the title of Duchess of Genoa, and send her back in disgrace to her father, the King of Saxony. But he calmed down by degrees: the representatives of Saxony at Paris and Turin interposed, and she was simply forbidden to abide in any Piedmontese town; the villa of Belgirate on the Lago Maggiore being assigned to her for a residence. Rapallo received the title of Marquis, and became the *chevalier d'honneur* or lord in waiting of the Duchess. This, adds M. d'Ideville, was the sole function that he ever fulfilled at Belgirate.

Her exile was brief. The female nobility of the newly annexed states, Milan, Parma, Modena, and Florence, claimed the privilege of presentation, and there was no royal duty or prerogative for which the King felt more thoroughly disqualified or

disinclined than that of holding a *levée* or a drawing-room. The Duchess was recalled to do the honours of the court, with a suite comprising two ladies-in-waiting. Their husbands bore the same title as the Marquis Rapallo, who was named chamberlain, and regularly took his stand in the antechamber to introduce the personages officially presented to his wife.

The amorous complexion of Victor Emmanuel is well known. He had this in common with Henry IV., as well as chivalrous bravery and a minister who, rivalling Sully in faithful service, far surpassed him in statesmanship. Nor do we altogether agree with M. d'Ideville, that the parallel cannot be fairly carried further, or that the boundless popularity of the King in his hereditary dominions is altogether owing to the monarchical sentiment of the people. "There he is beloved and popular, as was formerly amongst us our Henry IV., whose head and heart he is far from having. Events and, above all, the genius of his First Minister have elevated him to the position he occupies in Italy and in Europe. If ever his name is great in history, his unique merit, his sole glory, will have been to have let Italy work out of her own destiny" (*d'avoir laissé se faire l'Italie*).

If this be true of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, it is equally true of Frederick William, Emperor of Germany; and it would be paradoxical to maintain that the startling changes which the map of Europe has undergone within the last twelve years have not been prodigiously accelerated by two master-spirits — by Bismarck and Cavour. But it is surely something to appreciate such men, to sympathize with them in their loftiest aspirations, to head armies at their bidding, to play for a throne or an empire in reliance on their calculation of chances or their foreknowledge of coming events! Did either of these do more than prepare the way for the bursts of feeling and opinion which electrified Italy and Germany by turns, and merged the local jealousies of centuries in the swelling far-resounding cries of unity and nationality? With regard to Cavour, M. d'Ideville clearly states that the rapidity of the popular movement after Villa Franca took him by surprise, and that he was a reluctant or passive instrument in the combinations which, by gaining Naples, most contributed to the proud position of his King.

"The audacious attempt succeeded, thanks to the valour and prestige of Garibaldi, powerfully aided by Neapolitan treachery. Naples gave her

self to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi made a present of his conquest to the King. But to whoever has followed events closely from Turin, it is evident that, far from providing and organizing the invasion of the Two Sicilies, Cavour did all he could, at least at the beginning, to oppose it. It was only when he understood that it was impossible for him to stop the enterprise, carried away as he was by the action of the Garibaldi party, that he held aloof; tolerating all, and ready to profit as he did by a conquest which, with good reason, he deemed dangerous and premature."

Immediately on hearing of Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the French minister, Baron Talleyrand, was directed to present a note to the Cabinet of Turin, in which the Imperial Government, complaining bitterly of this fresh violation of the law of nations, stated that it was not the dupe of the understanding existing between the Sardinian Cabinet and Garibaldi. After a frank explanation with Cavour, M. de Talleyrand requested to see the King, and speedily convinced himself that his Majesty was much less satisfied with the attempt of the hero than was supposed. "*Mon Dieu*," he exclaimed to M. de Talleyrand, "it would no doubt be a great misfortune; but if the Neapolitan cruisers were to hang my poor Garibaldi, he would have brought this sad fate upon himself. Things would then be extremely simplified. What a fine monument we should raise to him!" Lord Melbourne took the same view of the mixed merits and demerits of O'Connell, when he laughingly proposed to hang the great Liberator and agitator on the highest gallows and raise the finest monument to his memory.

In a studied and by no means flattering sketch of the King, M. d'Ideville says that, like all mediocre men, he is jealous and irritable:—

"It may be laid down, without fear of contradiction, that his Sardinian Majesty is boastful, is a braggadocio, with no great regard for truth, and very indiscreet. He takes all occasions for speaking of his twenty wounds, and volunteering the fabulous recital of the dangers he has run in the battle or the chase. Every one, however, knows that, although courageous, and even rash, he has rarely been hit. As to his *bonnes fortunes*, he dilates upon them with a frankness and an absence of ceremony which have nothing of the *galantuomo*. What is more singular, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he *faïn* would have had. To listen to him it is he alone who directs the affairs of the State: he is daily oppressed by the weight of work."

In reality there is nothing the King dislikes and shuns more than work except

ceremony. "When he is obliged to attend at a great official dinner, he never even unfolds his napkin or tastes a dish. With his hands leaning on the pommel of his sword, he watches his guests, without trying to conceal his impatience and his *ennui*." M. d'Ideville was an eye-witness of the royal demeanour during a very remarkable banquet—the one given to General Fleury in September, 1861—when, as imperial envoy, he brought the formal recognition of the kingdom of Italy by France:—

"Despite the democratic tendencies of the constitutional *régime*, the old etiquette of the House of Savoy was strictly observed. The table was sumptuously served: the family plate was of the finest, and in the best taste. An orchestra played during the dinner; which the King—the one person ill at ease and out of keeping with the scene—hastened to abridge as soon as he could do so without a glaring offence against propriety. General Fleury, placed on his right, felt bound to talk to him during the whole dinner. The King, perceiving that his guest imitated his sobriety, made a remark on the General's want of appetite: 'Ah, sire, how can one eat on such an occasion?' was the reply. 'You are right,' said the King with a smile, showing that he felt the flattery. When the General, after two or three other entertainments, including a shooting party, left Turin, the King was repeatedly heard murmuring to himself, 'How I envy the Emperor a friend such as that.'"

He forgot that a subject can rarely, if ever, be a friend; the essential quality, independence, must inevitably be wanting: the most trusted minister or cherished favourite will never attain nor (if he is well advised) assume an attitude of complete equality. He will rise above it or sink below it. He will be guilty of superiority or subserviency. It was probably the sense of the tutelage under which he was kept by Cavour that made the King envy the Emperor such a (supposed) friend. "The Count, it must be owned, had not habituated the sovereign to forms of respect and deference: he spoke to him not to say with familiarity, but often with an impatience and a rudeness, useful in business, no doubt, but little in accordance with the observances due to a King; who, whilst affecting to despise form and etiquette, is very mindful of his dignity, jealous of his prerogatives, and justly penetrated with the nobility and antiquity of his race."

The royal susceptibility was therefore constantly rubbed against the grain whilst Cavour was in the ascendant. His successor, Ricasoli, pursued a different system.



Cavour treated the King as a child: Ricasoli, on the contrary, deferred too much to him as King. Neither hit the happy medium: neither obtained his entire confidence:—

"Only one man has fathomed the King's character. This one man has succeeded by a curious mixture of suppleness and tact, and, let it be added, by sincere and disinterested devotedness, in becoming the counsellor, the friend, the sole confidant of Victor Emmanuel. With him the King finds himself at ease. He alone, admitted to the favours of royal intimacy, had access to La Mandria: he had managed to render himself the ally of Rosine, the Countess de Millefiori, whilst Cavour had several times attempted to drive the favourite from Turin, declaring to the King that he could not be permitted to marry this obscure mistress, if he wished to make Piedmont a great kingdom and have a name in history. Cavour greatly exaggerated the influence of the Countess de Millefiori, and he committed a capital mistake, in my opinion, in opposing himself to an attachment already of long standing, and which, all things considered, has never in any respect injured Victor Emmanuel; perfectly free, moreover, sovereign prince as he is, in his affections and his acts."

This is rather a lax mode of treating the subject, and the general estimate of Cavour will be heightened not lessened by a course of conduct, which strikes us to be politic as well as honest and high-minded. The hold he retained on the royal mind to his dying day, reflects credit on both minister and king. It proves that they understood and rightly valued each other. It would be difficult to exaggerate the dangers of the *liaison* in question, when, as M. d'Ideville states, it was frequently about to end in a marriage; so strong was the King's wish to legitimate his children, and so overwhelming his occasional scruples of conscience at living in sin.

Not the least attractive portions of M. d'Ideville's "Journal" are those in which he records his impressions of Italian society. That of Turin in 1860 was the most exclusive of any European capital with the exception of Vienna. The *Società del Whist*, the principal club, was strictly limited to the military and the aristocracy. The best houses were similarly closed against civilians, be their official rank or public services what they might, who were not privileged by birth! "I well remember the comic despair of young Constantine Nigra, *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, when he came on leave to Turin: 'See,' he exclaimed to one of his friends, 'what a singular country is ours! At Paris, I am not only received everywhere: I am

invited, made much of, and appreciated at the Tuileries, more than most French. Well, in my native city, here, it would not be possible for me to set foot in the drawing-room of the Marchioness Doria. Is it not the fact?'" A confirmatory anecdote is given as related by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. "Some time after my arrival at Turin, I one day invited Cavour to dinner with some members of the diplomatic body. As I had often seen young Nigra at the minister's and he had frequently been sent to me, I mentioned to Cavour my intention of inviting his secretary. 'But my dear prince,' said he, 'can you think of such a thing? People don't invite Nigra.'" Yet Nigra was the Secretary through whom the most important affairs, those which Cavour most wished to keep secret, were transacted, including (it is said) the arrangements at Plombières and elsewhere with the French Emperor.

Up to the day of their marriage the young ladies of Turin are never seen in a *salon*, but they are partially compensated for their seclusion by a *fête*, termed "the ball of the *tote*" (Piedmontese for *demoiselles*) to which they are permitted to invite their friends of the other sex. It is given by a subscription amongst the great families, takes place in one of the finest apartments of the city, begins at eight in the evening, and terminates at eight in the morning: no father is admitted; the mothers alone do duty as *chaperons*:

"I have rarely seen an assembly more marked by gaiety and enjoyment. An excellent supper, in which champagne makes a discreet appearance, divides the night: then the dancing recommences with renewed spirit, whilst the more confiding mothers sleep soundly as at the corner of their fire. After these twelve hours of uninterrupted dancing the young people separate with regret, with a stolen pressure of the hand or a whispered *au revoir* for the following year, unless in the course of this same year, a couple engaged that very evening, become man and wife, and thus see the ball of the *tote* closed to them for ever. Sometimes, but rarely, the young men are authorized to give a similar *fête* in return to the young ladies, but many mothers decline this invitation."

The *Kontessen* of Vienna (the unmarried daughters of the highest aristocracy), who have points in common with the *tote* of Turin, enjoy more liberty and exercise a much greater amount of influence. They have the dancing-room at a ball entirely to themselves and their partners: the mothers and fathers, with all the rest of the married people, young and old, being



restricted to cards, music, or conversation apart; no jealous *chaperons* to tease by interruption; no "frisky matrons" to fret by rivalry; and the exclusiveness of the assembly secured by a social *cordon* which it is impossible to overstep. The Turin *morque* has been relaxed. Vienna is now the sole remaining stronghold of the manners, habits, and modes of thought which are traditionally associated with the Faubourg St. Germain. How long will this stronghold resist the constantly advancing waves of innovation and liberality?

Whilst full of grateful remembrances of the refined hospitality of Turin, M. d'Ideville dwells with the fondest enthusiasm on the social delights of Milan. "Ah! the beautiful marchionesses, the charming countesses, all those adorable Milanese women, can they ever forget the *carnavallone* of 1860?—and the declarations, so frank, the *propos* so tender and so gay, of our young officers, those old friends of three months' standing?" The most splendid of these entertainments was a court ball at the palace, at which the King and Cavour was present. The King, buttoned up in his uniform, and as usual ill at ease, gave emphatic expression, by a coarse expletive, to his wish that the whole thing was over; whilst Cavour mingled with the brilliant throng, receiving congratulations or exchanging compliments and repartees. He was talking to the Countess Allemania, a beautiful fair-haired girl, who listened, flushed with pride and pleasure, whilst her partner impatiently waited for the colloquy to end. He happened to be one of Cavour's secretaries, high in favour, and just as the waltz was drawing to a close, he came close to his chief and murmured in his ear, "Ah, Monsieur le Comte, is it not enough for you to have Italy to yourself? *De grâce ne me prenez pas l'Allemagne (l'Allemania)*." Cavour smiled, and in another moment the young couple were whirling round the room.

The Milanese aristocracy, richer and more sumptuous than the Piedmontese, is also less exclusive: it is easily accessible, like the English, to all who have risen above the level by enterprise, public services, genius, learning, or accomplishment. "Opulent and industrious, Milan possesses palaces and houses which rival those of the greatest capitals. The taste for luxury and comfort, and, above all, enlightened and wide-spread feeling for the fine arts, make it a most agreeable place of stay to visitors, without speaking of the amiable, expansive character of the inhabitants.

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The taste for horses and carriages is general; so that, at the drives on the Corso during the winter of 1860, we counted more than twenty carriages-and-four, as irreproachable in their appointments as any that could be seen at Paris, Vienna, or London." At this time the Milanese were essentially *Anglomane*. Their exquisites adopted all the English fashions, and made all their purchases at London. "The fondness for England is pushed to such a point amongst the Milanese, that the costume of their police agents has been exactly copied from that of the policemen of the British metropolis."

In the course of a hasty tour through Northern and Central Italy, M. d'Ideville noticed many things which have escaped more pretentious travellers. Passing through Parma, he sets down:—

"The town is poor, behind the age, without industry and without commerce. A fact which seems improbable, and is, notwithstanding, literally true, will give an idea of the society. When the Duchess wished to give a *fête* or ball she was forced, in order to make sure of her company, to send to Paris for gowns and head-dresses, and distribute them among the principal ladies of the place. Without this precaution no one would have come. Whilst we were going over the palace, an old attendant who dated from the time of the Archduchess Marie-Louise related certain anecdotes of her, very interesting, but difficult to repeat. In spite of all her extravagances the ex-Empress, it appears, was adored by the inhabitants of Parma."

Familiar as we may be with the broad aspect or general outline of events, the narrative of an eye-witness or actor will seldom fail to render them present to the mind's eye with more fullness, accuracy, and life. M. d'Ideville was present at the memorable sitting of the Turin Chamber on the 18th April, 1861, when Garibaldi made his first appearance as a member, having not long before told a deputation of workmen at Genoa that the Government (Cavour's) was composed of cowards; that the Chamber was an assembly of lacqueys; and, that the King was hurrying to destruction under the guidance of unworthy counsellors. The excitement was extreme; and whilst the galleries were crowded with enthusiastic followers of the hero, the great majority of the members were coldly and even unfavourably disposed towards him. He rose to reply to General Fanti, the War-Minister. The occasion was grand, and expectation was on the tip-toe—

"But, alas, the actor did not know his part.

He had scarcely pronounced a few words when his memory failed; his phrases became incoherent and meaningless; he looked in vain, with his eyes aided by enormous glasses, on the notes which he held in his hand, for the thread of his ideas. The two acolytes at his side, N— and S—, prompted him with phrases, and sought in vain to point out the forgotten passage on the notes, but every effort failed. The opening dragged painfully. The Left of the assembly, the Garibaldian deputies, were groaning under the deplorable effect produced by their chief, when, all of a sudden, abandoning the parliamentary forms which visibly put him out, Garibaldi pushed away angrily and bluntly the notes which lay heaped upon the table, and spoke extempore.

"The aspect of the scene was changed; from ridiculous and painful, it became tragical. It was then that, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the ministerial bench, he declared that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who had sold his country to the foreigner; or to ally himself with a government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment a fratricidal war."

If Cavour had taken up the glove thus intemperately thrown down, he might have been fairly charged with fomenting a fratricidal war. Restraining himself by a strong effort, he made no allusion in his reply to the accusations and reproaches of Garibaldi, to whom the fitting rebuke was administered by Ricasoli. Ricasoli, affecting to disbelieve the report of Garibaldi's speech at Genoa, spoke thus:—

"A calumny on one of the members of this Assembly has been circulated: he is accused of having uttered words unworthy of every honest man. I know this man; I know how dear to him is his country; I know the sacrifices he has made. As for me, I dare assert it here, it appears to me impossible that the odious words attributed to him should have fallen from his lips. For who, great as he may be, would dare, in his pride, to assign himself in our country a place apart? Who would dare to claim for himself the monopoly of devotedness and patriotism, and elevate himself above the rest? Amongst us a single head should tower above all others; that of the King. Before him all bow down, and ought to bow down; any other attitude would be that of a rebel."

The action of the orator is described as in keeping with his words. He struck the table with his clenched fist. There was a thrilling, menacing ring in the tones of his voice. He looked the feudal baron of the olden time, loyal, faithful, and brave. He touched a responsive chord; and the long pent-up feeling of indignation overflowed:

"His discourse, strangely eloquent, the cry

of the conscience of an honest man, excited transports of enthusiasm; people breathed more at ease. The King, the Parliament were avenged. On leaving the chamber the Count de Cavour, who had grasped Ricasoli's hand with visible emotion, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, exclaimed, 'If I should die to-morrow, my successor has been found.'"

Cavour died within two months, and he was succeeded by Ricasoli. What he underwent on this occasion is thought to have brought on the fever of which, aided by the Sangrado treatment of his doctors, he died. He returned exhausted and embittered. "If emotion could have killed a man," he said the day after to Count Oldofredi, "I should have died on my return from that sitting."

The life and character of Cavour must be familiar to most readers, but some traits mentioned by General della Marmora to M. d'Ideville are new to us:—

"I was much attached to Cavour; we were friends from childhood; and, more than any other, I bowed down before his genius. He, on his side, had a friendship for me. But I cannot tell with what cruelty, with what disdain, Cavour treated the men from whom he believed he had nothing more to expect, or those who seemed to have become useless to his designs. I never knew a man more passionate in his affections and more prone to enthusiasm. He got infatuated with people with singular facility; he exalted them to the skies, sang their praises to all; then, one fine day, capricious as a child, he brutally hurled them from the pedestal which he himself had made for them. Irony, contempt, even insults,—nothing was spared the men he was exalting yesterday and thought he had reason to complain of to-day. Frequently, I allow—here again resembling a child—he manifested sincere regret at the evil he had caused. He frankly regretted his loss of temper and the violence of his language. But frequently, also, it was too late. When the wound was not too deep he knew how to cure it by a word, such was the power of seduction he possessed. How, moreover, could any one fail to be touched by so sudden a return?"

An instance follows of his alienating and offending, beyond all hope of reparation or forgiveness, a man whose capacity for being a useful ally or a dangerous enemy was beyond dispute:—

"I shall never forget a letter which General Dabormida, that excellent man, addressed to him: 'You have lost in me,' wrote the General, 'a true friend, but of another you have made an enemy who will never be reconciled to you.' That other was our colleague Ratazzi. We were all three well disposed to concede the first place to Cavour, but insults were useless. Ratazzi, on whom he was then trampling, had once been

in his eyes the most intelligent, the most indispensable man in Piedmont. The day when he could no longer serve Cavour in his projects, all was changed. He found himself immediately transformed into a commonplace pretender, a marplot, without capacity or influence. He received no mercy. 'How many,' added the General, 'have attributed to Ratazzi sentiments of mean envy in regard to Cavour! There existed nothing of the sort. I knew them intimately, and I was in a position to appreciate the conduct of both. I can therefore certify that the hatred of Ratazzi for the Count sprang into life upon that day when Ratazzi, humiliated in the cruellest manner, was brutally turned out of the council, not as a useless minister, but as a citizen noxious and fatal to his country.' "

This liability of the great man to be swayed by passing impulses in his judgments may help to account for the different tone in which he spoke, according to his mood, of the French Emperor. One day, during a period of painful suspense in which he was kept by his Imperial ally, meeting M. d'Ideville under the arcades of the principal street of Turin, he took him by the arm and began, in his most coaxing manner:—

"Well! when is Talleyrand coming back to us? Have you need of him? It is melancholy," he went on: "your long fit of pouting is absurd. Certainly Rayneval, Bourgoing and you, represent France very well, but it is a minister that we want. Are we not good (*sages*) enough to deserve a chief of legation? Talleyrand or another. Look here, my dear D'Ideville," he added, shaking his head, "your Emperor will never change: his error is to be always wishing to conspire. Heaven knows, however, if he has need of conspiracies now! Is he not absolute master? With a country so powerful as yours, a great army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why constantly, at all hours, disguise his thoughts, go right when he wishes to go left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a wonderful conspirator he makes."

"But," I ventured to reply, "you ought to be more indulgent in this particular. Have not you, Count, you too, been a daring conspirator?"

"I? certainly: I have conspired; and could I do otherwise at that epoch? Were we the strongest and the most numerous? We were forced to hide ourselves from Austria; whilst your Emperor, mark me well, will remain eternally incorrigible. I have known him long. At this hour he could march straight, in the open light of day, following his end. But no, he prefers putting people out, throwing them on a false scent, conspiring in fact, conspiring ever. It is the peculiarity of his genius, the vocation of his choice: he practises it as an artist, *con amore*, and in this part he will always be the first and the strongest of us all."

In illustration of what he terms the imperial charm of manner and gift of persuasion, M. d'Ideville relates that, about the same time when Cavour spoke to him in this fashion, towards the end of 1859, the deputations from Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, came to Paris to claim, in the name of their fellow-citizens, the union of these provinces to Piedmont. On leaving the Tuileries the deputies were so charmed with their reception, that neither of them doubted the success of their mission. Strange to say, that very evening there met in Paris the secret envoys of the dethroned princes of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. After an audience of the Emperor, and an interview with Count Walewski, these luckless personages started in hot haste for Italy to announce to their Sovereigns that the promises of the Emperor and his Minister authorized every hope for the future.

Cavour's patience was never more severely tried than by the Pontifical Zouaves brought prisoners to Turin after the defeat of Lamoricière, who had so many of the first French nobility serving under him, that General Cialdini, on looking over the list of killed and wounded, exclaimed, "Why, all historic France is there: one might fancy oneself reading a list of a *petit lever* of Louis XIV." Proud of their acknowledged gallantry and their blood, carried away by youthful spirits, and forgetting their condition, the prisoners made the theatres and public walks the scene of language and demeanour offensive and even insulting to the Piedmontese. Cavour sent for the French Secretary and told him: "I leave your young countrymen free, but, for Heaven's sake, do not let them insult us *because* they are vanquished."

The French Legation received from the young officers of this corps the most edifying revelations touching the demeanour of the Pontifical authorities at the approach of the Piedmontese. A few days before the invasion of the province of Ancona, Lamoricière, discouraged by the ill-will he encountered at every step on the part of the Government he came to defend; alarmed, humiliated, disgusted by the disorders and scandalous abuses that he discovered at every step in this obsolete Administration, made a clean breast of it with unsparing frankness, and told the Holy Father that, in spite of devotion to his person and his cause, he must renounce the enterprise in which he was engaged, rendered impossible as it was by obstacles of every kind and the undisguised hostility

of the Roman Administration and the Prelacy. "Many causes," it is added, "made the General odious to the Roman element. He was a foreigner, a Frenchman, brave and (above all) honest. Charged by the Pope with the organization of the army, he became, perforce, acquainted with the abuses which hitherto had remained hidden. Consequently nothing was neglected to weary and discourage the brave soldier, who had come in good faith to offer his sword and his services to the Sovereign of Catholicity." Such was the position of the General at the moment when the crisis arrived. His resolution to abandon Rome was naturally adjourned, and he announced to the Holy Father that, in the new circumstances that had arisen, he would put himself at the head of the troops to repel the invasion :—

"From that moment, as I was assured by eye-witnesses, the General's aides-de-camp, there commenced in all the towns we were charged to protect, on the part of the delegates and all the authorities civil and ecclesiastical, a system of inertness, of ill-will, of hostility, which made us every moment ask ourselves, 'What have we to do in this country?'"

One of the strangest episodes of the Italian revolution was the appearance of Alexandre Dumas as its annalist. His arrival at Turin, on his way to Naples, created a sensation; and M. d'Ideville, who had been acquainted with him at Paris, was commissioned by the Marchesa Alfieri (Cavour's niece) to ask if it would be agreeable to him to meet Cavour and some other persons of literary or political distinction at her *salon*. The invitation was declined :—

"Convey my warmest acknowledgments and deepest regrets to the Marchesa: it is impossible for me to accept. Would you like to know why? Well, then, I should meet her uncle, the Count de Cavour, and I would not see him for any money. This surprises you, my dear friend. I will tell you my reason. I leave Turin in twenty-four hours: I embark at Genoa: in three days I shall be with Garibaldi. I do not know him, but I have written to him: he expects me. This man is a hero, a sublime adventurer, a personage of romance. With him, out of him, I expect to make something. He is a madman, a simpleton, if you like, but an heroic simpleton; we shall get on capitally together. What would you have me make out of Cavour; me, remember? Cavour is a great statesman, a consummate politician, a man of genius. He is a cut above Garibaldi; don't I know it? But he does not wear a red shirt. He wears a black coat, a white cravat, like an advocate or a diplomat. I should see him, I should converse with him, and, like so many others, I should be seduced

by his play of mind and his good sense. Adieu to my promising expedition. My Garibaldi would be spoilt. On no consideration, then, will I see your President of the Council. He cannot be my man any more than I can be his. I am an artist, and Garibaldi alone has attractions for me. Although I visit no one here but deputies of the Extreme Left, Brofferio and others, tell M. Cavour, I beg, that I fly from him because I admire him; and make him clearly understand why I quit Turin without seeing him."

Dumas judged rightly. He would have made nothing out of Cavour, and he made a very good thing of Garibaldi; although not exactly as he had anticipated, namely, by treating him artistically and making him the picturesque hero of a romance. Garibaldi was too picturesque already to stand any fresh draping and colouring. As not unfrequently happens, no ideal could surpass the real, no fiction could improve upon the fact. He stood in no need of the *vate sacro*: in his case, the simplest chronicler was the best, and the simplest might well be suspected of exaggeration by posterity. Dumas' book on Garibaldi and his exploits never attracted much attention and are already forgotten. But the hero and the romanticist become sworn friends at sight, and Dumas was immediately installed in the palace of Chiatamone with the title and perquisites of Superintendent of Director of the Fine Arts. Here he lived at free quarters till the dictatorship ended and order was restored. Here, also he founded a journal which lasted some months, and entered into an engagement with the Italian Government to write the "History of the House of Bourbon at Naples" from secret archives which the revolution had brought to light. He was to receive 30,000 francs, and M. d'Ideville says that the engagement was faithfully kept on one side, as he himself was once commissioned by his chief to solicit, in the name of Dumas, the payment by anticipation of this sum; "to which the Minister of the Home Department consented with the most perfect complacency, without caring to inquire whether our countryman had begun his history." The next time Dumas passed through Turin, M. d'Ideville met him at a supper party: Garibaldi became the subject of conversation, and it appeared that Dumas' enthusiasm had been in no respect lessened by familiarity :—

"Towards the end of the entertainment, to close the series of anecdotes relating to the dictator: 'See here,' said Dumas, with marked solemnity and unfolding a scrap of paper, 'here

are lines written by him which shall never quit me! You must know, my friends, that having had a fancy to see Victor Emmanuel, whom I do not know, I asked Garibaldi for a note of introduction to present to the King.' 'Here,' replied Garibaldi, handing me these words hastily written, 'this will be your passport.' And the charming narrator passed round the scrap of crumpled paper, which contained this unique phrase: '*Sire, recevez Dumas, c'est mon ami et le vôtre. — G. Garibaldi.*' 'You may well believe,' added Dumas, respectfully replacing the letter in his breast pocket, 'that to preserve this autograph, which the King would doubtless have desired to keep, I deprived myself, without regret, of the acquaintance of King Victor. And now that the sovereign has shown his ingratitude towards Garibaldi, to whom he is so much obliged, you may judge whether he will not have a long time to wait for my visit.'"

The first part of the Journal now before us ends in March, 1862. "The second, written at Rome, comprises a period of three years,—November, 1862, January, 1866,—during which I formed part, as Secretary, of the embassy directed first by the Prince de la Tour and afterwards by the Count de Sartiges." This second part is understood to be speedily forthcoming, and we freely own that we shall be disappointed should it prove wanting in the frankness, boldness, and even occasional imprudence, which are so attractive and valuable in the first. Diplomats may complain, with some show of reason, that such want of reticence is fatal to their trade; but secrecy has its evils; mischievous intrigues are fostered by it; and there was a basis of truth in Joseph Hume's startling apophthegm touching ministerial reserve on the ground of delicacy: "Wherever there is delicacy, there is something wrong." M. d'Ideville's alleged betrayal of confidence is of the most venial character: the private conversations he has printed relate to public events or (like those reported by Mr. Senior) were spoken with an obvious view to publicity, and no great harm will be done if he gives the world his impressions of Rome with the same freedom which he has used in describing the political and social celebrities of Turin.

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From Saint Pauls.  
OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I KNEW very well who would be my companion; but if he had not gone with me

he would have stayed with me; so I set forth with him, enjoyed the delightful air, and hoped I should not meet any one whom I knew!

"What could I do?" he presently said, as if he meant to apologize. "I was obliged to speak, you were so unconscious. Any other woman would have discovered that open secret long ago."

"I thought she was a Londoner: you said to me that you 'fell into that pit' when in London."

"So I did: when I took Tom away, you know, and, as you said to Valentine, '*deprived you of your home because I could not be at the trouble of amusing him here.*' I forgave you for something or other, perhaps it was for that; an easy thing to forgive, as it arose from ignorance, and Valentine did not tell me your idea till it was too late for me to trust myself with any justification.—Do you see that tree stump?"

"Yes, certainly."

"On it the girl was sitting, — Clara, you know, now his wife."

"I never knew she came here."

"She followed him, and I thought his only chance lay in my taking him off without her knowledge. He was watched, and could not get a letter to her before he left. He counted, no doubt, on writing from London. I was beforehand with him. I wrote out a telegram ready before we started, telling her to come to town by the very next train. I knew that was a slow train, and would not get in till the middle of the night. Graham chancing to lay down his cigar-case soon after we started, I threw it furtively out of the window, and my own, too. When we hunted we naturally could not find them. He got out as soon as he could to buy cigars, and I to send my telegram. Graham was sulky that night — no wonder! He openly wrote a letter, and gave it to the waiter at the hotel in my presence. I argued afterwards, and reasoned with him.

"We went out. *Acis and Galatea* was given. We took tickets, and he endured the music, and afterwards retired early. His room was next to our sitting-room. I sat up over the fire waiting till it was time to go and meet this train. I had another hour on my hands, and as I did not like to draw his attention, in case of his being still awake, to the fact of my sitting up, I had turned down the lamp, and let the fire get low. It was not strange therefore that I began to doze, and shortly to dream. I thought I saw my mother. I have no recollections of her that do not present her as healthful, joyous, and lovely.



She died from the effects of an accident, when she was about forty-four years of age. I knew it was my mother, but I did not see her face. She stood with her back to me, and she seemed to be leaning over some one who sat in an easy-chair before the fire. A girl I thought it was, and my mother had gathered some of her long fair hair into her hand, and was plaiting it for her. I had seen her do this for my sisters when they sat on a sea-beach, having dried their hair after bathing, by leaving it loose in the wind. But as she went on, and the braid got longer, she moved aside. I saw the girl's face. It was yours! You took my mother's attention and caresses very quietly.

"I have no other incident to relate to you — no account to give of what so suddenly came upon me, but only this dream.

"I saw my mother's white hand pass softly over your shining young head; and then as I looked at you again, I found to my astonishment that I loved you; that you were my hope and my fate.

"I woke instantly and congratulated myself with strange elation of heart. Yes, I did. You were so young, I thought you would be sure to come to me. I had been delighted with you ever since the day when you had come to Wigfield, and I had felt a very tender interest about you before. I had left the station in the morning a free man; I got back to it in the middle of the night as deeply in love as a man can be who loves with scarcely any fear as to the success of his suit. Do you wonder at me?"

"Yes; and at poor Tom, who would not in the end let himself be saved."

"No. I got to the station just in time, and when Clara saw who met her, I think she felt she was mastered. I told her there was no chance for her; that Mr. Graham was not aware of her coming — would soon be on board the yacht. I told her I knew she was not a woman of character. 'No, sir,' she answered, poor girl! 'But,' I said, 'your word, for anything I know, is to be depended on. Shall I trust you?' 'You will be a fool,' she answered, 'if you do.' — Perhaps you think that was an unsatisfactory answer."

"Yes, and very impertinent."

"I liked it. She might have answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Well,' I said, 'I shall stand here for five minutes and read the paper. I am inclined to think I shall trust you.' I looked at her once; her black eyes were flashing, hard and defiant. I went on reading. When I looked again I saw that it would do. 'I am going to trust you,' I

remarked, 'Very well, sir,' she answered, with great reluctance. 'I am going to give you four hundred pounds, and you are going to promise me solemnly that you will neither go within ten miles of Southampton for two full years, nor communicate with Mr. Graham all that time, in any way whatever.' I thought two full years and four hundred pounds would surely see her married, and cure him of such a disastrous infatuation. 'Two full years; that's a long time,' was all the answer. I only wished I had dared to propose a yet longer; and presently, with a sulky air, she said, 'I'll take three hundred, and say eighteen months.' So I was obliged to accept the promise, and she gave it so grudgingly that I was sure she meant to keep it; which she did.

"I got back. Graham discovered nothing. I began to feel a deep longing to get home again; but I knew Graham would not stir till he had discovered Clara's absence from the cottage where she had lodged. He telegraphed when she did not answer his letter, and found this out. Then, sullen and miserable, and deaf to my request that he would go back to Wigfield, he insisted on our running down to Southampton. And there to my joy he could not find her, she was actually keeping faith with me.

"We stayed there two days; then your uncle stood in, and we went on board the yacht. I was very desirous to let him know the state of affairs, and also to ask a favour of him, and get away home.

"That very afternoon, as we sat in the chief cabin at dinner, it suddenly seemed to occur to Graham that I must have had something to do with his discomfiture. And as he reflected he began to say very galling things to me, which I tried to pass off; and this attracted your uncle's attention; and made Graham more sure of his ground. But I had two reasons, beyond the ordinary ones, for commanding my temper: first, I felt he had guessed the truth; and next, I saw that he was drinking a good deal of wine. We never mentioned Clara."

Here the carriage stopped, and, I was told, by Mrs. Henfrey's orders. She thought I should not be able to walk farther than this point was from home. So we went back through the wood. All the snow was gone, a delightful south-west wind was moving among the trees; but I hardly cared to look about me, I wanted to hear the end of this, to me, strange story, and I soon brought St. George to speak of Tom again.



"After dinner he took more wine, got first heated, then insolent. The old man sat between us, aware that something was wrong, and waiting to find out what it was. At last Graham informed him that "old Mortimer's" reason for asking you down was, that we knew you would have a large fortune, and I wanted to secure it for myself. Then I flamed out. I might have known this was only said to enrage me, and throw me off my guard, till he could accuse me of things more real; but I had not the sense to keep my temper, and we began to storm at one another, the old man filling Tom's glass as fast as he emptied it, and listening to his now incoherent bluster with quiet gravity. We had both risen by this time. Graham showed a great wish to get at me, and taking your uncle by the arm they began to sway about together, the old man keeping between us, and pushing me towards the door, till we reached it. By that time I had said what trenchant words had been burning in me for utterance, and when he told me to go into the after cabin till he came to me, I reached it in a high state of indignation, while he kept Graham where he was.

"I felt as if I had never been such a passion in my life; it was something new to be accused of meanness and mercenary hypocrisy, &c., &c.; and I sat down glowing with wrath, and yet I felt almost directly that my position was perfectly ridiculous, for this had really come upon me in consequence of my interference about Clara, and was meant to punish me for that, and for nothing else. . . . There is a very pretty looking-glass in your cabin?"

"Yes."

"Draped about with lace and delicate with all sorts of feminine surroundings? I saw a small work-basket, too, hanging up by a hook, — a graceful little thing. And various other beautiful possessions of yours were evident all about me.

"They made me tremble when I saw them with a great longing to get home again; and I sat brooding over my newly-waked love till your uncle came in again. 'Now then,' he exclaimed 'Tom's drunk, — a very little wine gets into his head. Out with it all, man! What does it mean?' So I told him."

"And he thanked you, of course?"

"Yes; and I felt how hard Graham had made it to mention you. But he went on, — 'And as to my little girl, I suppose that's all moonshine?' I soon undeceived him. I wonder what you will think if I tell you his answer."

"I should like to hear it."

"Perhaps I may tell it you then; it will do me neither good nor harm; for if it marks his approval, which is something in my favor, it links a certain advantage to it, and advantages, as I plainly perceive, and as you have said, are not what reconcile you to things. He said, 'I shall give my little girl eight thousand pounds when she marries; but if you can get her, I will leave her thirty thousand more.'"

I had no reply to make to this speech, and he presently went on, "In an hour or two I went on deck, and to my amazement we were out of sight of land. 'O yes,' Brand said, 'master was running down to Bordeaux about some wine.' We soon ran down, but oh the beating up! Such weather! We were sixteen days on that passages beating about the Channel. Graham and I were soon reconciled, and he never asked me one question. Your uncle was very kind; we suited one another well enough. I almost always get on comfortably with an old man. We landed at last, but I did not come home unwarned. Letters from step-father and from sister were waiting for me at Mr. Rollin's hotel. They confirmed my worst fears when I got home. Within a month I went back to the old man, reported my failure, and he called me a fool for my pains."

The carriage coming after us loaded with Walkers! Lou got out and walked home with us, and Emily held up her boy to the window. I was very tired when we reached the house, and was received by the newcomers with a certain distinction which was certainly owing to my somewhat mortifying circumstances. The two shabby little captains soon went away to smoke with Valentine, and the ladies all streamed up-stairs together into the nursery to introduce little Fred to Frances and Nannette. All their toys were set out; but little Fred, overpowered by the number of strangers, burst into a fit of crying, and fought his aunts, and scowled at the children, till we all retired.

The Crayshaws were to appear soon, and I was ordered by Emily to lie on my sofa till it was time to dress for dinner, that I might not look tired and pale. I was not sorry to obey, for the walk had fatigued me. Emily and Lou came in course of time, and chose among my beautiful dresses what I should wear. They fixed on a silk dress that looked yellowish by daylight, but which at night became a cream-like white. I thought it would not suit me, but was not sorry for that, because Valentine had said when alone with me that day, that "I was not acting by him in the gen-

erous way he could have hoped," and I made out, not without some trouble, that he thought I was trying to attract him again by my array!

So I let the cream-colored gown go on, and the faintly-tinged rose with it; then going up to the glass, secretly hoped Valentine would not think it as becoming as I did.

My heart trembled a little when I entered the drawing-room, and a very pretty delicate young woman met me with, "Is this the rose of England then—the white rose? I have so much wished to see her."

Crayshaw was there also, looking handsomer than ever, as I had time to observe when, after having spoken to me, he sat down between Nannette and Frances, and tried to make them believe that they remembered him. But, as if there was to be no end to the children, the baby Crayshaw was shortly announced, and being forthwith taken from his nurse by Valentine, began to crow and make himself agreeable, seizing Valentine by the nose, and then trying to suck the buttons of his coat. Crayshaw looked on, surprised at Valentine's audacity in daring to take a baby; but desiring, as it seemed, to show himself a valiant man, he presently received his son and heir himself, and holding him rather tightly, made an effort to appear at his ease.

St. George, not at all taken in by it, proposed to take the little thing himself, but Mr. Crayshaw was quite above that. What another man could do he would dare, and he held his boy, while Giles tickled the small nose with a feather; and the little creature, after rubbing it with his dimpled fist, sneezed in the most natural manner possible.

That was the strangest evening I ever spent. Our host was changed back again to the man of my earlier recollections. Valentine, having no lady to talk to, was sullen and discomfited; he looked at me every now and then with an air of reproach which I hoped would not be so evident to other eyes as to mine. In the mean time, Mrs. Crayshaw and Emily, having merely exchanged glances, understood each other perfectly, and Mrs. Crayshaw soon made her husband understand too; so that as I sat by him and he talked of the old days and the yacht, I felt at once that they supposed Mr. Brandon to be my lover,—that they approved, and without saying one single word they would convey their thought to him, and even manage to congratulate him.

Little Dick and Liz, accustomed to be

often together, had now suddenly discovered that they had nothing to talk about. And the two young boys, neither of them more than thirteen, discoursed with perfect gravity on the institutions of their country.

I was thankful when we got up-stairs; but as I sat by Emily, and she comforted and rallied and tried to make me feel at ease, Lou said, in passing us, "The Oubit will want to sing to-night."

"Why shouldn't he?" answered Emily; "it won't hurt him."

"He will ask Dorothea to play for him."

"Tell him beforehand then," said Emily to me, "that you will not do it."

Valentine soon came up,—sat beside me. "How lovely you look, D. dear," he said, "and what a shame it all is!"

"If you address me again in that manner, I shall call you Mr. Mortimer; and that reminds me I cannot play for you to-night, so don't ask me."

Valentine replied that I was very unkind,—very disagreeable, and I knew he liked to sing, and could always sing, even if he could hardly speak, and I knew also that none of them could accompany him properly.

"Have you written to Lucy to-day?" I inquired.

"You are always asking me that; of course I have."

At this moment the rest of the party came up. I hoped they would not ask St. George to sing, being sure that is they did I should be in request to play for him. I remembered how I had told him to sing to his Margarita, and I felt that he was sure to remember it also.

They did not ask him to sing; he, as I had expected, came up to me. "D. is so tired, she says she cannot play to-night," said Valentine.

"You have asked her?" exclaimed Giles, with an air of astonishment and reproach, but in a low voice.

"Yes," said Valentine, quite surprised. "I hope I shall never hear of your taking such a liberty again," said Giles, in a still lower tone. Then he went on to me, "I am almost afraid it will excite remark if you do not play once for me;" and I, nervous and thinking more of Valentine than of him, replied, "I should not think of declining, of course."

"Because I am your host?" he asked, as we went to the piano.

I made no answer. That was what I had meant. But I soon knew that I had hurt him, without appeasing Valentine, who went and sulked openly, in a place by

himself. And I began to feel so much that I had taken the wrong side, that it made me very conscious how little my host cared to sing. He lost his place, and was nervous; he looked dispirited, and I was so vexed with myself that when the song was over I did not rise, but presently obliged myself to say to him, "That song went badly; I must play you a second to atone for the first."

"Not as my guest then," he whispered.

"No, as your friend,—and to atone."

So now it was right with St. George, but it was all the more wrong with Valentine; and it got worse, because the Oubit was very anxious to sing himself, and everybody else wanted to hear St. George, and also, as I could not but know, it amused and pleased them to see me playing for him. I played four times, and each time he told me the story more and more plainly, carrying out my own advice to him to the letter, and making me very nervous lest others, including Valentine, should feel and perceive what he was doing.

"I knew you would not let me sing any more," he said as I closed the book; but at least you are my Margarita, my pearl — I was only telling you so."

"I am afraid you are telling everybody else."

"Delightful! Brandon," said Mr. Crayshaw, coming up with grave audacity. "What a pity Miss Graham is not always here to accompany you!"

I went to bed that night to be haunted by a vision of Valentine's displeased face, and the ghost of St. George's sigh when I began to play for him.

I did not know what to do; but that was Wednesday. The old doctor had paid me his last visit and said I might travel on Saturday, if I pleased. I thought I had better do it, if they would let me, for I could not please them all, and I hardly knew yet which I most wished to please, or rather not to displease.

I knew the next morning. Mrs. Crayshaw, always beautifully dressed, came down, and we were all arrayed, as is the way with women, so as not to be outdone in taste if we could help it. The unlucky blue dress, which Giles had declared it was dangerous to look at, did a good deal of mischief that morning. He looked at it so often, that Valentine's attention was attracted, and I saw on his face not only that he did not like this, but even the dawn of a curious kind of dismay.

"Mrs. Crayshaw's nurse has been asking for plate powder," said Liz, coming

into the morning-room about eleven o'clock.—"pink plate powder. What can she want with it? She and Mrs. Crayshaw are boxed up together."

"Some jewels are to be cleaned perhaps," said Mrs. Henfrey.

I soon discovered what they had wanted with it. St. George and Mrs. Crayshaw were walking about the garden together, and Smokey beside them. When the latter came in, he presently went up-stairs, and then they came down together. True to the customs of his nation, Mr. Crayshaw was always grave and melancholy when saying anything humorous, much more so than at other times, and his making us frequently laugh, as he had done since he came, had been rather a relief, for Valentine was far too crest-fallen to joke at all, and St. George hardly seemed inclined for laughter.

When I saw Mr. Crayshaw come in with more than usual gravity, I was therefore inclined to suppose that he had something droll to say, especially as Mrs. Crayshaw followed with laughter in her eyes. I was soon undeceived. She produced a pretty little gold chain with a curious locket hanging to it,—a small locket in the shape of a heart. She and her husband hoped I would accept it. The heart was of wood,—a little piece of some hard dark American wood, highly polished; a piece, she said, of one of the planks out of which they had made the raft. Of course I accepted it. She put it round my neck. Would I always wear it? I promised. It was a pretty little thing with a gold rim, but it would not open; I tried it.

"But it will open," she presently said; "the inside's the best part of it. George, go and find the key."

George hesitated. "Some other time," he said; but after various declarations on her part that she was sure I should forget to wear it, and protestations on mine that I would not, the key was at last fetched—a minute gold key.

"What's in it has a certain value," said Mrs. Crayshaw; "but it's not a precious stone—not a stone at all."

"Well, no," said Mr. Crayshaw, "it's what, here, they sometimes call a *brick*."

Emily immediately pricked up her head; nobody else was present but sister.

"It's British," he went on;—"I wish I could get this open;—it's altogether British, but it's what we term *true grit*."

"If you'll give it me," I exclaimed, suddenly suspicious, "and give me the key, I'll open it when I have an opportunity."

"Ah, well, he went on, still poking at

the lock, "God never made anything better worth having. But you must open it and look at it pretty often, for there are some things that cannot live if they are *always* kept in the dark. There!"

Open at last.

"Mrs. Crayshaw?" he said.

"Yes, George."

"I'll give you back the key, because this will want opening often."

St. George's face, of course; the portrait we had taken ourselves — "He sweetly dreameth." The walls of some of the bedrooms were half covered with photographs; it was no difficult matter to get one.

"Now, what do you think of it?" he went on, with the greatest gravity, holding it before me.

Neither Emily nor Mrs. Henfrey lifted up her face at all.

I looked.

"It's not very often," he went on, with melancholy gravity, "that any one has a chance of such a possession. Mrs. Crayshaw never had."

"Did she ever tell you so?" asked Mrs. Crayshaw, and he smiled.

"Look at it again," he said.

I did.

"Well, now, you'll tell me what you think of it."

I felt amazed at his still and gentle audacity; and he went on, "There's a certain beauty in it, and a good deal of power, and there's a brooding tenderness in the eyes. There are some people, however, in this world, that have never yet had any one thing that they most wanted."

Still I could find nothing to say.

"It's a fine thing," he observed in a dispassionate tone, "to have it in our power to enrich a life — to give enough, and all that was lacking."

I believe I answered, "Yes."

"But," he went on, "some people are a long time before they can believe that is their case; and when at last they have learned to believe it, I have known some that spent so long thinking about it, that all the grace of the gift, — indeed the opportunity of making it, altogether went by."

Utterly deceived! perfectly wrong! He knew nothing about me and Valentine, as was evident.

Just the same party at dinner that night. Valentine having been shamefully complimentary to me, I was bent on not having to play for him; but he was determined to sing, and he so managed matters that I was obliged to do it once. Emily and Mrs.

Crayshaw, however, were far too clever to let that sort of thing go on. St. George was soon put in his place, by particular desire of his guests, and I went on playing for him some time, not without a certain contentment, for I knew that as long as I was so occupied they would hardly even look at me.

I wanted Valentine to be displeased, and he remained so all that evening; but the next morning, to my dismay, as I sat writing up-stairs in the drawing-room, — writing to Mr. Mompesson to come on Saturday and fetch me, he came in. I observed that he had put on his pious air, and I felt dreadfully disconcerted when he said seriously that he wanted to speak to me; he had something of importance to say.

He was so deteriorated, ever since he had come home, that I should hardly have known him for the frank-hearted fellow I used to be so attached to.

"No," I answered; "I would rather not hear it, Valentine."

"But," he continued, "I feel it to be my duty to warn you of this, because it would disturb you very much, I know, if it occurred."

This not being in the least like anything I could have anticipated, curiosity triumphed, and I went, and sat on a sofa near him. "It's not about myself," he went on; and I decided to hear it.

"It's — it's about St. George;" and, as he spoke, leaning on the chimney-piece, he took up a small china vase, and out of mere embarrassment because his hand trembled, he let it slip, and it fell into the fender, and smashed itself into twenty pieces.

A curious sort of shame in his face, and this awkwardness, made me see that he really had something important to say, and I thought it could not well be anything unworthy because it concerned his brother.

He began —

"You have been so generous, and so gentle, since I came home, and somehow, D. dear, you are so much handsomer than I expected, that you have more than once — I do not deny it — made me waver in my allegiance to Lucy; but —"

"No more of this!" I exclaimed; "if you are unmanly enough to feel so, you would not be ridiculous enough to say it, if you knew what it makes me think of you."

"That," he replied, "was only by way of opening. You need not be so warm. I'm coming to St. George, and you know he is a very clever fellow."

"Yes."

"My father used to hope that some day he would get into Parliament and distinguish himself."

"Well, Valentine?—this is an odd beginning."

"I shouldn't like to stand in his light," said the Oubit, looking almost sheepish; "I shouldn't like to think that what I've done would be any disadvantage to him."

I wondered what he was thinking of now, and more when he said—

"Giles has never had any attachment, you know—any particular attachment, as I have."

"Indeed."

"Why, of course," he continued, arguing partly with himself and partly with me, "if he had I must have known it. He's always been so jolly too, so sure things would come right, and so disgusted if a fellow ventured to be sentimental. A man who finds his pleasure in adventure, in knocking about the world, and public speaking, and politics, passes over domestic matters lightly. Love, so important to some men, and to most women, he could soon tread down and push away even if it came—"

"Indeed."

"You are curt this morning."

"Because you made me suppose you really had something important to say, and now you are merely occupying the time with a dissertation on your brother's character."

"But that's what I want to say—he—in spite of all that, he has a vein of chivalry in his thoughts about women, which sways him so much that I believe—yes, I almost believe—if he thought any one—or indeed I—was what I wanted to tell you—"

"Do go on, Valentine; what can it be?"

"I believe if he thought my having thrown you by,—and I'm sure I beg your pardon,—I believe he has such a chivalrous nature, that, rather than such a thing should be any disadvantage to you, he would propose to marry you himself."

For the moment I felt as if Valentine's idea of what St. George might do was more noble than what he had done. "Are you in earnest?" I exclaimed; "do you mean this? Does it at all occur to you to consider what a noble generous nature you are imputing to him?" and he blushed and looked so sheepish, that I was impelled to go on: "You need not suppose, however, that any such disadvantage will accrue to me. I do not see that your fault reflects itself upon me in any way whatever."

Valentine's face shocked me so then,

both for old affection's sake, and from present deterioration, that I burst into tears, for I was so ashamed of him—it seemed so plain from his manner that he knew he was acting hypocritically.

"And so," he went blundering on, "as I felt that after all you have a constant nature, not affected by my inconstancy (which I could not help), I felt that it was my duty to warn you, so that you might not be annoyed by an offer that naturally would hurt you—your sense of what was due to yourself; for, as you have said, this has been no disadvantage to you; and I am sure you would never wish to be a disadvantage to him, poor fellow!"

"Stop!" I burst out as soon as I could speak; "I can't bear you to make me despise you so!"

"What!" he answered, not able to rise up in the least, but more than ever crest-fallen and ashamed of himself, "can you really think, D.—do you really suppose that I was trying to keep you mine, in case I should fail with Lucy?"

"If you are not," I replied, crying heartily,— "if such a thought never entered your head, say so like a gentleman,—like a man, and I will believe you."

He blustered a little, and tried to get off with some protestations as to the high respect he felt for me, but he could not say what I had asked of him; and when I inquired how he could presume to talk to me of constancy, he, very cross, and very much out of countenance too, replied, that he only wanted me to be warned in time.

"You are determined to drive me out of his house," I exclaimed; "and the very first day that I can, you may depend on it I shall go."

"He certainly will make you an offer," cried Valentine. "But perhaps," he added, with a sudden flash of astonishment, which probably arose from some new reflection on what Giles had looked or said,— "perhaps he has done that already."

"No," I answered, —sure for once of what he was, and what the other was not,— "he is very good, and very noble, but this he has not done. If he had, it would be no affair of yours."

"Then he will," said Valentine angrily, "I know he will;" and I, deciding then and there what should be and what must be if he did, replied,—

"Then, IF HE does, I shall accept him."

I had never felt so astonished in my life, and it was at myself.

And I meant it all too; but it was scarcely spoken when, drying away the tears from my face, I beheld Mrs. Crayshaw



and Giles advancing into the room, and talking as they came.

One instant, and less, was enough to show her Valentine's confusion and my tears, and without changing her voice, she seemed to go on as with a sudden thought. "But you must let me go and see my baby first;" and so she turned, and quietly leaving the room she shut the door behind her, while Giles, advancing to the sofa, laid his hand on the high end of it, and exclaimed, with considerable indignation,—"This is the second time you have offended in this way. What have you dared to say to Dorothea?"

Valentine did not answer a single word; but I knew I had no power over him. When he did speak, he could say what he chose.

But Giles I could do something with to prevent their quarrelling; so I laid my hand down on his, and kept it there.

He could not well move away then; but in a high state of indignation he again demanded of Valentine how he had dared to annoy me. And the Oubit, instead of answering, looked at him, and while he looked his handsome face changed, till I thought I saw again the better, sweeter expression of his boyhood. His good angel, perhaps, was pleading with him; and when Giles broke out into invectives, and said several angry and bitter things, he not only could not answer, but a kind of joy appeared in his face, and then there came the frank beautiful blush that I had several times so much admired.

He looked his brother full in the face, waiting till he should pause, and still leaning on the mantelpiece. And I, keeping my hand in its place, wondered how much of the truth had dawned on him, and wondered when he would say; but when he did speak, oh how displeased I was!

"It's only three months," he began, "since first I saw Lucy, and we've kissed each other dozens and dozens of times—"

"How dare you! how dare you!" exclaimed Giles, stung to the quick, and glowing with passionate indignation that almost seemed to choke him. What object can you have in saying this to me, unless you know how I shall feel under it?"

I put my other hand to his, and with both of them held it gently in its place. I felt how wildly the pulse went. "Don't quarrel," I entreated. "Now, Valentine, say the rest of it."

Valentine had been arrested by surprise. "You have always been careless," Giles burst out. "You have been heartless lately; but I have deserved better of

you than that you should torment me in this way, and you know it. Do you think either that there is no one in the world whom I love better than myself, or that I will suffer any words from you that are meant for the least disparagement of her!"

Whatever dawning suspicions may have been awakened in Valentine's breast were so immensely over-justified by this outburst of complete betrayal, this absolute throwing away of reserve on the part of Giles, that for the moment he stood amazed.

"Well, Valentine?—well, Valentine?" I repeated.

"Don't be angry, old fellow," said Valentine, advancing a step or two, and speaking with the gentleness they sometimes used to one another when either was irritated—"Don't be angry, hear me out. That young lady" (looking at me)—"I am not to address her by the old name now, it seems, and I have not yet thought of another—I told you I had kissed Lucy many times—but I never kissed that young lady in my life, Giles—never once—never! no, never."

Giles heaved up a mighty sobbing sigh—he was not master of the situation; he had pinned his heart upon his sleeve at last, and for the moment it had seemed that this "daw" had pecked at it!

Generous people, though they may be wholly on the right side of any quarrel, sometimes feel keenly any little wrong they may have done in the small details of it. Giles, trying to calm himself, presently said, "I beg your pardon."

"What for?" Valentine inquired.

Giles was now rather holding my hand than I his.

"What for?" Valentine repeated.

"I need not have been so angry; and last night, it seems, I need not have been so hard upon you. I did not understand that was all—"

"Do you mean that I did not understand? That was not my fault, Giles, was it? But you are always so reserved."

Then, while Giles stood stockstill, trying to overcome his temper and his surprise the Oubit came and sat down near and opposite to us.

"You shouldn't have let me do this to you," he said gently, but almost reproachfully; "and perhaps it has been going on a long time—perhaps even my father knew of it."

Then Giles making no answer, his eyes seemed to be opened more and more. "Did he, D.?" was his inquiry.

"I think so."

"You have been very generous to me,"



continued Valentine, becoming more and more his old self every instant. "Curious," he went on, lifting up his face as if to think,—"very curious! You gave up to me all,—so that I might have married her and never have known. And yet nothing short of all would have given you back all as you have it now; for," he continued, with his own remarkable frankness, "it would not have been in human nature. Giles, to have neglected her, forgotten her, and thrown her by, for another woman, if I had known that another man was waiting for her, even though that man had been you. No; I feel now that the least opposition would have kept me true. Ask him to forgive me, D."

"I do not think he had anything to forgive you for TILL TO-DAY."

By this time they were both very hard put to it to preserve that mastery over emotion, or rather the appearance of that absence of emotion, so dear to the pride of an Englishman.

It is astonishing in how short a time the most important affairs can be transacted, and how little dignity there is in conversations on which depend the most important event in some of our lives.

Set and sustained sentences there were none then; only a great outbreak, a sudden subduing of it, a certain thing discovered, a little broken evidence of affection,—all the rest taken for granted; then the grasp of two hands, and the younger of the party turned round half-choked, and "bolted."

I would fain call his exit by a grander name, if I could with the least approval of my conscience; but if men will be so very much ashamed of showing their feelings even to their own brothers, they must either run away, or be comforted as I endeavoured to comfort Giles, by putting my cheek down also on his hand and kissing it.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next day the Crayshaws departed, and when St. George found I had arranged to be fetched away on Saturday, he was at first unreasonably vexed.

My situation, however, had been eminently uncomfortable almost ever since Valentine's return; now it was comical besides.

The first time I met him after the scene in the drawing-room, he threw himself into a chair, and exhausted himself with laughter. "No," he exclaimed; "I never hoped to see this day! There is no misfortune in this world that I could not be

consoled for, by the fun of seeing Giles make a muff of himself — Giles in love!"

It never was of the slightest use being angry with Valentine, but I felt that to remain under his eyes any longer was quite impossible.

In the afternoon came what Valentine had predicted. When Giles found I would go, he said that to offer his hand so soon was, he felt, to give himself no chance of its being accepted. I replied that he was right, and that I could not think of such matters at present. Whereupon he immediately did make an offer in set terms, giving much the same reasons for this that Valentine had mentioned. I did decline it. This did not seem to disturb him at all. He said he meant to tell Dick à Court, and perhaps Miss Braithwaite, as a great secret that he had been refused, and then it would become known in the neighbourhood. He believed he must have made this proposal even if he had not loved me.

"And now," he went on, "I ask you as the greatest favour possible, to reflect, seriously, on the many disadvantages of a marriage that I hope one day to propose to you again."

"The disadvantages?"

"Yes; as you remarked yourself, the disadvantages are sometimes what reconcile. (They satisfy, I suppose, the craving for self-sacrifice.) I thought it was very sweet of you."

"You have many singular thoughts! But I had better hear the disadvantages."

"There's my temper,—I am afraid my temper is sometimes rather stormy."

"Is it? I shall not allow you to call that a disadvantage — not an *attractive* one at least. I do not like a man to be so tame that he cannot fire up on any occasion whatever."

"Then I am so ugly."

"You don't think so yourself."

"Some allowance must be made for the self-conceit of man."

"And nobody else does."

"That shows their bad taste."

"And I don't."

"You don't! I understood that you did, and I have been hideously ugly ever since."

"All this is because I once said that portrait of you was flattered."

"Yes, that blue-eyed muff, as Emily called it. Nobody but the dear old man could bear the sight of it."

"If you cannot think of any *better* disadvantages than these,—"

"You will be obliged to point them out

yourself? But I can. There is my having no profession."

"That is one, I confess. I wonder how it came to pass."

"It came first from my mother and Mr. Mortimer being so desirous that I should take orders. I did not feel that 'call' which the English office makes indispensable, and I knew very well that my mind was too active to rest satisfied in the steady fixed routine of a clergyman's life, with little chance of roving. So they sent me to travel, while, as they thought, I made up my mind. Then it came, secondly, from my having, as soon as I was of age, about eight hundred pounds a year, and discovering that if my time was given in addition to that money, and I bought bits of land here and there, I could help people over to them. As long as I remained unmarried, I expected to make a regular occupation of that."

"Surely you cannot have settled all those people that I know of with eight hundred a year! How little my uncle has effected with almost seven thousand."

"Some few things that I have written have brought in money also; but while Mr. Mortimer lived I had no more income. Now it is about doubled."

"Is it too late then to have some regular occupation or profession?"

"Certainly not; the thing is half arranged already. I found I must have regular work, when coming home after rushing about the world on purpose to forget you, I thought I had managed to do it to a great degree, and was undeceived by being with you for a few days. You are afraid of cows, you know,—cows with long horns. I was despicably near betraying myself when I had to remain and take care of you then! If I had—How strange it was of Valentine to say those words to me yesterday!—I think they were true."

I felt that they had been true: it was security that had made him neglectful; and this he never would have had, had he known of his formidable rival.

Giles went on,—“Sometimes I wonder what became of the ring I gave you.”

“It is at the bottom of the sea. I told Valentine that you had given me a ring for a remembrance when first we were acquainted. I thought also that he told you everything. So when we were engaged, I wished him to know this that he might think nothing of it, and you that you might not think I carelessly neglected to wear it.”

“At the bottom of the sea, is it?”

“Yes. We lay at anchor in a lovely

little cove, and they were taking in water. I was leaning over the bulwarks looking at the superb pale cliffs like shafts of cinnamon, and at the clear blue water, so deep and yet showing the wonderful sea flowers, the pink and orange anemones, spreading below. I had on a chain, and a locket hanging to it, with a little piece of my mother's hair within, and that ring. And as I looked down and down, and saw the swaying of the long leaves of dulse, the chain slipped from my neck, flashed like a gold snake into the water, and seemed to eddy down under layers of the dulse. The people spent two days in trying to find it. Such wonderful creatures and plants and shells came up by drags and in buckets, but not my locket and my ring. No wonder, for it was below the tide line, and the water was forty feet deep. This was on the coast of South America. It was the only morsel of our mother's hair that we had. Tom made a dot on the chart to show the exact latitude and longitude where these treasures went down.”

“Valentine never told me that.”

I was working in the morning room while we talked thus. He presently began to speak of the Mompessons; two or three tears had dropped on my hand, for his manner so gentle and easy, and his face so full of hope and happiness, touched me more now than any sorrow of my own. But he loved far too much. I could not answer this love, and I wanted—I knew I wanted to get away from him, and rest.

I could not say anything so unkind, but I did say how much I wanted Tom, and asked him to try if he could not be a brother to me.

He answered, “We have caused you nothing but misery, both Valentine and I.”

“Have you?”

“But you do not want to forget?”

“No; and if I would, I could forget nothing.”

“For the sake of which brother, then, Dorothea, are you content to remember the other?”

“I am not so ungrateful as you think, nor so undiscerning. I am not willing to forget you on any terms—on any terms whatever.”

“If that be so,” he answered, “I will venture to ask you one question more: Have you any wish that you could care more for me? should you be glad to love me if you could?”

Perhaps that was a singular question to ask; but, however that may be, it was a question that I found suitable, and to which I could answer frankly, “Yes.”

"Then," he answered gravely and gently, "I will teach you to love me, my sweet, if you will let me."

Our circumstances were most peculiar. I felt it, and was never equal to the making of philosophical reflections; I am not equal to that sort of thing now; but I know that when I heard those words, I was exceedingly glad—very much comforted. I saw no evidence of over self-esteem in them, nothing but a confidence not at all misplaced.

Saturday came. I had a terror upon me of leave-taking; not even the servants could I think of speaking to and shaking hands with, without alarm. As to Valentine, it made me nervous to think what I could say to him. Emily found this out, and Giles knew it by instinct. Soon after breakfast they got me to put my out-of-doors dress on and step into the garden with them. A few primroses were in flower already and the snowdrops. When we had reached the wood, Emily kissed me and retired. Sister and Liz soon came up, stood talking a few minutes, then they also found occasion to kiss me, and went away.

"We are not going back into the house any more," said Giles; "the carriage will come in about an hour to the corner of the wood—Emily in it."

"Oh, how kind of you to think of this! how considerate you all are!"

He brought me up the slope to that little one-roomed cottage where I had spent such a bitter morning. The sun was warm upon its small casement. I went in and saw again the wicker couch, and the white embers as we had left them. And then, just as Valentine had done long ago in the railway carriage, he asked me to give him a kiss. I replied, "You promised to teach me to love you. If I can learn, it will be time enough for that." Thereupon drawing nearer he immediately took me in his arms and kissed me on the lips and cheeks. The first sensation of astonishment over, I released myself from him (as soon as he would let me), and exclaimed involuntarily, "Valentine told you that he never did anything of *that kind*."

"Then I hope he never saw your sweet face cover itself with such blushes," he answered, with a low laugh of heartfelt amusement. "But that was an extraordinary circumstance; I wonder how it happened."

I replied, "It happened partly because I never should have thought of allowing it."

"How did you prevent it?" he inquired with gentle deference, as he pulled the couch forward for me to sit on.

"I made a compact with him at first. I said he was not to be—absurd."

"You did? But sit down, my Margarita, my pearl, and tell me about this. You know it is my last day with you."

He had pushed the couch into a sunny place, then he brought a long piece of matting, by way of a carpet for me, and chose to kneel on it, with his elbow on the seat of the couch, and look up. Something of the beauty I had seen when we two watched for Valentine in the night, had dawned upon his face. That strange fancy about a loveliness and sweetness which his own heart supplied, made him look as if he had got up into some higher and happier sphere. There was nothing for it but either to weep, or to rally my spirits and laugh. I chose the latter, and said, "I shall not say another word till you get up."

"Why not? why should I not be here?" he answered, and laughed also.

"Because—partly because I do not care to see you make yourself ridiculous."

"What! are you sensitive about my making myself ridiculous?"

"Yes, indeed."

"A pleasant hearing! But to make themselves ridiculous in this fashion is natural to mankind.—How charming it is to me to see you blush!—Do tell me about that compact."

"I shall not say another word till you rise and sit on the chair."

"This sofa will do as well; I may sit beside you—Valentine never once kissed you! What could he mean by it?"

This was not by any means the view I had intended him to take of Valentine's conduct; but I had declined his homage, and I was to be rallied instead.

"I said to you that I should not have chosen to allow it," I replied.

"Sweet little peremptory voice! Valentine knew what he was about when he told me that. And all this talk, too, is like Enchanted English—it floats over to me with a comforting charm. This is a delightful hour, Margarita?"

"Yes."

"Considering how badly that plan answered, I can hardly be expected to follow it. I must look at his conduct in that particular as a warning."

"He did not say I had never kissed him. I did once, because it was necessary."

"Necessary? You are a strange creature—strange as sweet. Tell me why it was necessary."

I told him, and he pondered over the little narrative for a while, saying, "He had told me several times before that day

that he knew you loved him. I treated it with scorn always; that day I went and fetched him home and told him he was right. — Well, this is something like a confidence on your part: people only talk confidentially to those whom they trust."

"I suppose not."

"And like."

"Yes."

"Did you talk so to Valentine when first you and he were friends?"

"Not exactly."

"Why do you hesitate and look so delightfully shy? I have never thought you shy. Does this place disturb you with recollections? I hate to think it was here I refused to do the one thing you asked of me."

"Yes, I wondered at that: I asked you to pray for me."

"And how could I do it? I could not send up such a lie to Heaven. I could not pray at all in your hearing without gross hypocrisy, when I knew that, even with no hope on my own account, I found the failure of that marriage such a respite, such a reprieve."

"As you could not do that, you are going to grant me a favor now."

"Yes, I am; what is it?"

"You are going to try faithfully and earnestly to see through the glamour with which you have invested me; — all this beauty and sweetness that you have *invested* yourself. I should prefer that you would see me as I am — with such good qualities as I have, and not these."

"Very well," he answered, and folding his arms, as it seemed, between joke and earnest, he began to look at me quietly and attentively. I soon found that I had done no good by this request of mine. Moreover, looking at him from time to time, it seemed, strangely enough, that his whole face and figure, his voice and his words, were fast acquiring a beauty and an interest that I had never found in them before.

"And these good qualities that you really have," he said at last, "may I hear what they are, my pearl? What is your 'favorite Virtue'?" tell me that I may admire and cherish it."

"Certainly," I answered; "lest, when you find out your mistake, you should under-estimate me, for a change. I can be docile and faithful; I am not unreasonable in my requirements; and I never forget."

He looked at me. "These shall be added," he replied, "and I will, since you wish it, try to feign you other than you are. In return I ask you what you think you should feel in my place?"

"How can I tell? I flatter myself that I am without illusions as regards Margari-to."

"Ah, you laugh." Then changing his manner, "You are very fond of little children?"

"Yes, I love them!"

"Can you feign yourself in the place of some poor woman who, being in prison, sees her child outside, and hears it cry, in another woman's arms? Do you think that hers would ache for it, — specially if that other neglected it, starved it, and was cruel? Can you feign yourself in the place of such a woman? If you can, how would you feel in the place of a man whose dearest object in life had eluded his grasp before he had felt the comfort of expression and avowal? Think how impatience and regret and long restraint would wound and wear him. Can you tell how such a man would feel if he saw the blessing that his nature craved carelessly used or roughly hurt by its owner? If you can, then do you also think that when, as through some blissful enchantment, contrary to all sober hope, he found this being that he loved flung away, and lying on his breast, he would weary of holding her there? Or would he find in her a long consolation — a once forbidden thing made holy and right for him? Would he comfort her for what she had lost? would he be patient with her regrets for the past? Tell me whether he would, and whether you can sympathize with him?"

Silence then. And soon after the grating of the carriage wheels at the corner of the wood. We went together to it, and so on to the station. Emily was within. St. George and I were both absolutely silent; and when he had put us into the carriage to go on together to the junction, where we were to meet Mr. Mompesson, he took leave of me with scarcely a word.

That same evening I entered my new home. Such a quiet, pleasant home; such a comfortable, easy, and indulgent hostess; and such an affectionate host! There was nothing to do, and I entered on a willing course of idleness, which it still surprises me to think of. Nature is evidently sometimes in need of repose; my nature certainly wanted it; and I used to lie on the sofa for hours, in the gay little drawing-room, reading some book that amused me, or doing a piece of fancy-work. Also I had a letter, — a remarkably long letter, which I often read over; the only real love letter I ever received. It was put into my hand at the station, and being written in a clear, round hand was easy to read, wonderful to

ponder on, and very convincing as well as comforting.

I had pictured to myself that I should be so useful in the house, act like a daughter, save trouble to my kind hostess, and read aloud in the evening to my old friend. Nothing of the sort happened. Mrs. Mompesson had late lost her two elder children by fever; the other two were delicate, and were kept very much in one temperature. I used to pity them sometimes, and go into their nice airy nursery to tell them stories, when the day was not fine enough for them to go out of doors; but beyond this, and doing a little needlework for Mrs. Mompesson, I do not think I undertook any kind of useful occupation, and I soon perceived that no species of exertion was required of me.

The only day of the week when I felt restless was Tuesday, because then I always had a letter from Mr. Brandon. It was not a love letter, — so he always said, for I had made an agreement with him that he was to write in a brotherly fashion, and try to be reasonable. These letters were very interesting, very amusing to me, and a great resource; but the better I liked them, the harder it was to answer. This cost me a great deal of thought, and evidently betrayed to him the fact that absence was obliterating that intimate ease which we had begun to feel in one another's society. I began to feel afraid of him, and my letters through February and March grew shorter and more reserved constantly.

But the second week in March saw me suddenly, almost in one day, quite well, perfectly active, and as strong as ever. The sofa was intolerable. I began to teach the children, take long walks with them, and wonder why it was that I had been so inert. I began also to copy out Mr. Mompesson's sermons for him in a clear hand. This was a duty that his wife had long performed, but she was very glad to hand it over to me; and it was soon made more interesting by his dictating them to me in the morning, instead of composing them in his study and giving me the manuscript. His sight was not good, and his handwriting being small, he could not read it in the pulpit.

On the second Tuesday in April there was no letter. The perversity of human nature being very great, I was disappointed. Still I thought it must be because Giles would shortly appear; and I went out into the "landslip," and walked with the children among the green trees, all delicate with their freshly-opening leafage.

As I walked on the narrow pathway, lost in pleasant thoughts, a gentleman, whom I had not looked at, stepped aside to let me pass; and when I moved carelessly by, a delightful voice said, "Dorothea." I looked up at him. No pretence of shyness could survive such an unpremeditated meeting: before there was time to consider he had expressed his delight at meeting me, and I had shown him my delight at seeing him again.

We turned back, and walked homeward with the children. There was always an early dinner, but if Mrs. Mompesson had not expected a guest that day, I felt that I was very much mistaken; and if Mr. Mompesson had not put on his best coat, and otherwise furnished himself up, I felt that my eyes deceived me.

It was nearly four o'clock before we left the dining-room. Then Giles said he had brought some papers to be signed. He had been made my trustee under the marriage settlement which never was completed, and my uncle now wanted to take back some property that had been made over to him for my benefit. I think this was the account he gave of his errand, and he went away telling me he should return in the evening. It was warm and fine, the French window was open, and I was sitting by it, when, in the gathering darkness, I saw him returning. He seemed unwilling to startle me, and did not enter till I spoke. What a little while it was since he had read me Valentine's letter! Yet I was not now ashamed to feel that my heart had turned to him, and in my silent thoughts I vowed him a life-long fealty, and gave him my love and allegiance for evermore.

Finding that he did not speak, but stood looking at me as the moon pushed up a little rim from the sea, and shone on us with a yellow feeble light, I mentioned Valentine for the first time, and asked about his affairs.

He answered, "I said to you this morning that I had come on business. I meant to have unfolded it all, but changed my mind. It concerns Valentine. It is high time that he should think of sailing."

"And Lucy?"

"I have seen Lucy again."

"She will sail too?"

"That depends."

"On what does it depend, and on whom?"

"On you."

"But I gave my full consent long ago, and I wrote to her. What more can I do?"

"What do you think? She cannot make



up her mind that she shall not wrong you by such a marriage."

"I can but assure her that it is not so."

"She is not easy to persuade; she is thoughtful, and I like and admire her. She would improve and elevate Valentine, and I suppose she loves him."

"And you believe that he really loves her?"

"Yes, heartily."

"And he must not risk another winter in England?"

"No. And I promised you that I would promote their marriage. She did indeed suggest a proof of your contentedly resigning Valentine, that it was possible you might one day give. She said it would be enough, and I considered that her words gave me a right to invade your quietude before the time you had mentioned. The real proof of Valentine's being free would be your becoming engaged to another man."

As he said no more, I presently observed, with a certain demureness, that I thought such a proof ought to satisfy any woman.

"What may I say to her?" he asked.

"Unless you can think of a more appropriate answer, you may say that (entirely, of course, for her sake) I will take the first opportunity that presents itself of obliging her."

I could hardly believe it, when, an hour after this, the candles coming in, I took occasion to look at the pearl ring that I had got on my finger. It had seemed natural enough while we were alone together that I should be engaged again; and I felt that the kind of deference which was habitual with him gave him power and mastery far more than any of his reasons and persuasions,—more, indeed, than anything but the love itself which now he had scarcely skill either to conceal or to express.

Considering that he was a little inclined to be jealous now and then, a little unreasonably vexed when it occurred to him that I had lately been quite willing to marry some one else, it was a very fortunate circumstance for me that just at first we had a good deal to do: letters to write to Anne Moulton, letting her know what of my possessions she was to send me home, what she might keep for herself, and what was to be the property of Mrs. Valentine Mortimer; letters to my uncle and to Tom, these latter being copied and sent to three different ports, as their best chance of being received.

Then I wrote to Lucy, and to Lucy's

mother, and St. George superintended—made suggestions now and then, which I copied in; and so when we read the letters aloud afterwards, we discovered that the grammar was confused, and that fresh letters must be undertaken. He also wrote to Valentine several times, setting forth his views as to what would be the best line of action for him to take; but in these last a feminine instinct warned me to show as little interest as possible.

I had presently shoals of letters from the family, full of love and congratulations. Dick à Court, also, as hoping soon to be one of the family, wrote, and delivered his soul of various earnest reflections on life, and love, and duty. I found it very difficult to answer this effusion from my future husband's future step-brother-in-law. Giles, however, read it, and said Dick was a dear good fellow, and that, next to commanding intellect, he thought there was nothing so attractive as honest and sober dulness. So I answered it in the light of that opinion, and began to share it.

Sometimes Giles had to go away for a few days. I should have been almost perfectly happy when we were together, but for his now and then choosing to talk of marriage. I was nervous still about this, and could not bring myself to believe that I ever should be married. I would not hear of such things as bridesmaids, a cake, wedding guests, wedding presents. I soon brought Giles to agree that none of these alarming adjuncts should come near me.

Though I had no intention of hurrying my own wedding, I considered that Lucy and Lucy's mother were very unreasonably slow in making up their minds; and the more delicate Valentine became, the more tardy they were in fixing the day.

Mrs. Mompesson seemed to think this very natural, and one morning being called to our counsel by Giles, I observed her looking so very grave over one of Mrs. Nelson's letters that I begged her to tell us what she thought of it.

She thought it seemed uncommonly like breaking the whole thing off. "They were both very young—their means were not large—his health was so delicate; but she would consult her brother-in-law, and had no doubt he would agree with her to allow it."

I was very much vexed with Mrs. Nelson, not only for poor Valentine's sake, but because anything which seemed to threaten uncertainty as to his prospects made me feel that St. George was inclined to be jealous still. I was sometimes quite hurt, and often a little displeased, that he

could dare to be jealous; but I would not venture to say anything on the subject. I wanted to ignore the feeling altogether, till I should have made him quite forget that he had ever entertained it.

In the mean time I was perfectly aware that new papers and paint, with certain renewings of carpets and hangings, were in progress at Wigfield. I remarked to Giles that it was early days to think of these things yet, with any reference to me; and he replied much as Valentine had done, only with gentlemanlike deference, that "time would show;" he thought it behooved him, he remarked, to have his house ready at any time, as ours was not like an ordinary engagement.

"In what respect?" I asked.

No preparations were needed,—no guests were to attend,—my trousseau, filling many boxes, was already at Wigfield,—we had no one to consult: it was evident that I could be married whenever I pleased.—"As to the settlements," he went on, "I told your uncle what I possessed when I first hoped to win you; and he said then what he should wish me to settle on you."

On the afternoon when he talked thus he was going away, partly to superintend some alterations at Wigfield, and partly to consult Dick, who, having come into about eighty pounds a year, thought with the thousand that Liz was to have, and his curacy, that they might set up house-keeping; and as sister said they could not, and Emily was indignant at the very idea, Dick wanted to go abroad, get a chaplaincy somewhere in India, or go to Australia.

I felt very sorry for them all when I got his first letter. Mrs. Nelson had now distinctly proposed that the young people should wait two years; at the end of which time she hoped Valentine's health would be restored. Lucy had consented with as much docility, and it seemed as much contentment as if Valentine's life, health, and love were all secured to her by special contract with Heaven. Valentine, on the other hand, was in a fury. He had been allowed to believe that the whole thing depended on me; he was incensed with Mrs. Nelson, deeply hurt with Lucy, and the summer weather having now come on, and brought his summer health with it, he desired to go and show himself at once at Derby. But this Mrs. Nelson declined; he was to wait awhile. All this was detailed to me by Giles and Mrs. Henfrey by letter; and I could not but think that his health was what really alarmed Mrs. Nelson, for she

had not shown any remarkable delicacy about appropriating him on my account; all this had come from the daughter.

I wrote to Giles begging that he would exhort Valentine to patience, and also to *importance*. In the mean time I took everything very easily myself, and when Giles came back and declared that if the Nelsons would not let Valentine marry at once, he would give up this engagement also, I could not believe it; such a thing would so cover him with ridicule; besides he loved Lucy, and she was supposed to love him.

Giles took me out for a walk, and presently, as we sat on a lovely grass slope looking out to sea, he began to ask me to fix the time for our wedding.

I begged him to leave it for a time. I could not believe that it would really take place, and wanted to rest in the peace and happiness of the present. But this view he did not share, and at last I proposed a day,—a distant one certainly,—and he was so dissatisfied with it that I asked him what his own views were. He replied, and laughed, that he thought next Wednesday would be a good day.

"Next Wednesday!" I exclaimed in amazement; "why, this is Thursday."

But there was no preparation needed, he replied, and the lovely white dress I had on would surely do to be married in. Wednesday had always been his favorite day; he should like to be married on a Wednesday.

I began to look at my white gown; and he, choosing to consider that I was yielding to his arguments, began to press me further, till, becoming extremely nervous, I begged him to desist, and confessed how completely the notion that something (I could not shape to myself any idea what) would certainly intervene to prevent the marriage. It was the only remnant of the terror and suspense I had gone through, and when he reasoned with me it became more vivid, till at last he asked what I could possibly suppose would intervene. It must be a presentiment of death, he remarked; nothing else could part us. No; it was not death; I could give no account of it. He wished to persuade me that it was nothing but a nervous fancy, that the longer I indulged it the worse it would become.

What could possibly put it into his head, I inquired, that I would be married so soon. Next Wednesday indeed! And though he argued the matter all the way home, and laughed a good deal over it, yet, as it had been proposed only half in ear-

nest, he gave it up with a very good grace. But the next morning when he came to see me, I could not help observing that he was out of spirits, — so much out of spirits, that I really did not like to ask him the reason. We went to walk in the "landslip," and sat down, and then he told me what was the matter. He had got a letter from Valentine; Mrs. Nelson declined to make any change as to the two years that he was to wait; he had positively refused to wait, and she had accordingly desired that he would return her daughter's letters and give up the engagement; *which he had done!*

I was more than disturbed at this, I was even shocked. That Valentine should make himself ridiculous and behave ill, was nothing; but that Giles should condescend to be jealous of him now (and he made this very evident) was more than I could bear, and I spoke to him with an asperity that I am sure astonished him; and when he answered gently, I burst into tears. This I could not bear.

"And he wants to come down here," said Giles.

"He shall not come," I answered; "I will not have him here."

"Surely, my dearest, you are not afraid of seeing him again."

Afraid! Oh, how my whole heart rebelled against such an idea! But I insisted that he should not come; he was always making some mischief in what concerned me; there would be no more peace if he appeared; and being excessively hurt at seeing St. George's discomfiture, I declared that his being annoyed at this matter, jealous and disturbed, was almost cruel to me — very nearly insulting.

"He shall not come," s repeated.

St. George answered that he did not know how to prevent it. Valentine had left Wigfield, and gone with the Walkers to London. They would take lodgings, and might not write to give him their address before Wednesday. Valentine proposed to come on Thursday.

Thereupon being destined to cure him of his jealousy once and for ever, but being only, to my own apprehension, very angry with Valentine, and feeling hurt at the distrust of my love, I replied, — not without some of the most passionate tears I had ever shed, and not without certain upbraidings too, — "Very well then; I said I would not be married on Wednesday — should not think of such a thing, — but rather than he should trouble my peace, and see that you condescend to be jealous of him, — I will!"

If my recollection is correct, I said this in a somewhat threatening spirit against Valentine, — he should find me gone, — and as to Giles I certainly meant it to mark my sense of his conduct which was displeasing me.

But when I dried my eyes, and saw his face; when I heard him say that he never would *condescend* to be jealous again as long as he lived; and when I found that as we walked home together he was very silent, and never said a word about Wednesday, — I could not summon courage to mention it either; but while I sat in my room waiting till it was dinner-time, and considering whether he would treat my words as if they had not been said with due consideration, Mrs. Mompesson came in. "Love," she said gently, "Mr. Brandon wants you to go out fishing this afternoon; but if I buy the silk for you, *the dress* can easily be finished by Wednesday."

This was said, I was certain, at St. George's instance, to discover whether I would hold to what I had said. I sat a minute, lost in thought, but my good angel pleaded with me; St. George had gone through enough worry already, and too much about me. When could there be a more convenient time? and how could Valentine be kept from making me uncomfortable if he came? I had determined as we walked home to let things be; so at last I said, "He always promised me that I should walk to church through the fields. So as he is rather infatuated about a white morning-gown that I have, it would be better that I should wear that." Thus the thing was settled.

We had letters from New Zealand on Monday; and to my deep delight and thankfulness I found that my dear Anne Molton would never feel my not coming to my house there, as I had feared. Anne had met with an excellent man, a missionary, and they had found each other so well suited that she had married him. It was not till Tuesday, the very day before my wedding, that I let Giles write and tell them all at Wigfield. I also, as well as he, wrote to Liz and Dick; and as Valentine was not now to go to New Zealand, we made over that house and everything in it to them. Liz was to have it instead of her portion, — a right good exchange; for an English clergyman, as we had good reason to know, would be a most welcome arrival in that particular locality; and if he had not a church to begin his ministrations in, he would have a barn, on which Giles had worked many a day with his own

hands; and Liz would have a garden that was the envy of the colony!

I was very nervous; the days of snow and silence all over the country, during which I had waited for a wedding already, kept constantly recurring to me unless St. George was by, and he would not allude to the past.

At last Wednesday came. I woke, and could hardly believe it. We breakfasted precisely as usual; then the two children and their parents set off on foot to the little quiet church, and Giles and I followed over two or three fields. We sat down on a grassy bank, to put on some new gloves; these were not white, however, and I, though I wore a white dress, as I usually did in the morning, had no other bridal array. I did not even then believe that all would go well. I had a vivid recollection of the telegrams. But we rose, and he took me on to the church, — a little rural building that stood open. There I saw Mr. Crayshaw, who had come from London to give me away, — and no one else at all, but Mr. Mompesson with his white gown on, and Mrs. Mompesson with the children.

The ceremony actually began, and I perceived, almost to my surprise that we certainly were being married after all! But as if it was quite impossible that anything concerning me could be done as other people do it, all on a sudden, while Giles held my hand, a thought seemed to flash straight out of his heart into mine, that he had forgotten the ring. I was quite sure of it: he did not even put his finger into his waistcoat pocket, as a man might have done who had bought one and left it behind. There *was* no ring; he had forgotten it.

A pause.

"Fanny," said Mr. Mompesson; and Mrs. Mompesson, with all the good-will in the world, and with Mr. Crayshaw to help her, tried to get her ring off her dear, fat, friendly hand, and tried in vain.

Giles almost groaned. He had expected me to be more than commonly nervous; now seemed some ground for it; but real and sheer nervousness often goes off when there is anything to be nervous about, and I now felt very much at my ease, and whispered to Giles that a ring would be found somewhere. So it was. The clerk had darted out of the church at the first sight of Mrs. Mompesson's hand, and in a few minutes he returned, following a lovely, fresh-complexioned, young woman in a linen sun-bonnet, and with a fat, crowing baby on her arm. She was out of breath, and coming up to Giles

quickly, she thrust out her honest hand, and allowed him to draw her ring off, and marry me with it. A healthy-looking young fellow, in a paper cap, which he presently removed, came slouching in after her, and looked on, unable, as it seemed, to repress an occasional grin of amusement; and when the ceremony was over they followed us into the vestry, and we all sat talking a little while, till some rings were brought from a shop for me, and Giles chose one and paid for it. Then I felt that I was Mrs. Brandon.

He returned the ring he had used to the young woman, but I observed that she made her husband put it on for her again; and as he did so, he remarked to Giles, with a certain quaint complacency, — that wives wanted humoring; and for his part (he might be wrong) he considered it was their due. Then in all good faith assuring him that he would never repent what he had that day done, he set his paper cap on his head, and retired with his family, while we, having taken leave of our friends, stepped out into the fields, and departed together to begin our story.

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From The Popular Science Monthly  
MUSICAL MICE.

BY REV. SAMUEL LOCKWOOD, PH. D.

THE study of geographical range is of extreme interest as affecting the life, forms, and functions of animals. In this way has come about that convenient division of the Monkey order into two great sections — the Simiadae, or Old-World monkeys — and the Cebidae, or New-World monkeys. And this distinction is based on differences easy to be understood. The monkeys of the Old World have their nostrils so nearly terminal, and so near to each other, and their teeth in sort and number so much like those of man, as to give them traits more human-like than those of the New World. They have also cheek-pouches, but none of them have prehensile tails. The New-World monkeys have their nostrils wide, lateral, and sprawling; they have more teeth than man has; they have no cheek-pouches; and with many the tail is prehensile. But does this law of geographical distribution, whatever it may be, affect "mice, and such small deer?" It does. A very large order is that known as the Rodents, or Gnawers, well represented by the squirrels and rabbits. These animals are all characterized by two chisel-shaped teeth in the front of each jaw.

The order contains several well-marked families, and some six hundred species. Of these families, one is known as the *Muridae*, which embraces the rats and the mice, and their allies. Now, it is interesting to know that the *Muridae*, namely, the true rats and mice, as well as the monkeys, naturally divide into two geographical groups: the one called *Mures*, or Old-World rats; and the other known as the *Sigmatontes*, or New-World rats. Each of these divisions includes the true rats and mice, indigenous to the New and the Old World, respectively. And these distinctions are founded on a real difference in anatomical structure. Let it suffice to mention the most striking, that of the teeth. The *Mures*, or Old-World rats and mice, have comparatively "large, broad molars, and those of the upper jaw have three tubercles: the *Sigmatontes*, or New-World rats and mice, have narrow molars, and those in the upper jaw have two tubercles." The word *sigmatont* means sigma-toothed, from a marking on the enamel, resembling the Greek letter *sigma*, which really would be like our own letter *S*, if the latter were made by uniting two angles, instead of two curves.

The writer has elsewhere expressed his belief that among the Rodents is a good deal of latent or undeveloped musical capacity. The squeal of the frightened rabbit is musical; while the whistle of the woodchuck enlivens its burrow with its homely, merry little sound.

That our little cosmopolite, the Old-World mouse, whom Linnaeus, on account of its smallness among its fellows, named *Mus musculus*, has achieved some distinction in the musical line, almost everybody knows. Indeed, these musical house-mice are almost ceasing to be uncommon. Even his less graceful, big relative, the rat, has tried his hand at the pipes, and not wholly without success. And, among these little erratics, some have been known that might be called more comical than entertaining—certain eccentrics, known as hiccoughing-mice. But these and the above are all, wherever found, directly or indirectly, of the Old-World race. That any New-World species had done ought of this sort was to naturalists unknown. A late friend of ours had a domestic mouse—"a singer, that is," as the old man said—"not much, but it would whistle a little—chirrup, you know." Now, it happened that, one day, our friend caught two wood-mice, real natives—delicate, white-footed things, that looked too innocent to do anything else than step mincingly around in their deli-

cate white-satin slippers. So they were put into the cage with the singing-mouse. Whether, like some other folks, they had no appreciation of foreign airs, we have no means of answering; but alas! in spite of their silken ways, they at once set upon and murdered the little musical mouse.

These wood-mice are often called white-footed mice. They belong to a genus of the *Sigmatontes*, known as the *Hesperomys*, or Vesper-mice, and are indigenous to this our Western Continent. There is a number of species in the genus; but those best known are diminutive things, not so large as the house-mouse, their sides are yellowish-brown, the back considerably darker, the abdomen and feet almost snowy-white. Their home is in the woods. With but little sympathy for man, they will occasionally intrude for a time into his dwelling, when, as I believe, the domestic mouse withdraws. My friend Philip J. Ryall, Esq., in the spring of 1871, when at his Florida home, near St. Augustine, was disturbed, at night, by what he supposed to be the chirping of birds in the chimney. The mystery was cleared up in an unexpected way. A very small mouse came up from a crevice in the hearth, and, with singular boldness, took position in the middle of the sitting-room floor. Here it sat up on its hind-feet, and looked around with the utmost confidence, all the time singing in a low, soft, yet really warbling style. This visit became a daily business, until it paid the penalty of its temerity by being captured. About a month after, this prodigy was intrusted to the custody of the writer. Of course, it came introduced as a "singing house-mouse." What was our astonishment at recognizing, in the little stranger, a true *Hesperomys*, and no house-mouse at all! It was one of the wood-mice, and among the smallest of the species. It is a female, and fully grown, yet not so large as a domestic mouse. Every pains was taken to secure the comfort and well-being of my little guest.

And what an ample reward I reaped! For a considerable time she carolled almost incessantly, except when she slept. Day and night she rollicked in tiny song, her best performances being usually at night. To me it was often a strange delight, when, having wrought into the late hours, and the weary brain had become so needful and yet so repellant of sleep, I lay down, and gave myself up to listening to this wee songster, whose little cage I had set on a chair by my bedside. To be sure, it was a low, very low, sweet voice. But there was, with a singular weirdness, some-



thing so sweetly merry, that I would listen on, and on, until I would fall asleep in the lullaby of my wingless and quadrupedal bob-o'-link. The cage had a revolving cylinder or wheel, such as tame squirrels have. In this it would run for many minutes at a time, singing at its utmost strength. This revolving cage, although ample as regards room, was not over three and a half inches long, and two and a half inches wide. Although I have now been entertained by these pretty little melodies for a year, yet I would not dare redescribe them. In the *American Naturalist*, for December, 1871, the music is given with that elaboration which was possible under impressions so novel and delightful. She had two especially notable performances. I called these rôles—one the *wheel-song*, because it was usually sung while in the revolving cylinder, and the other the *grand rôle*. A remarkable fact in the latter is the scope of the little creature's musical powers. Her soft, clear voice falls an octave with all the precision possible; then, at its wind-up, it rises again into a very quick trill on C sharp and D.

I must quote from the above a paragraph entire. Let me simply premise that in our household this little creature goes by the pet name "Hespie."

"Though it be at the risk of taxing belief, yet I must in duty record one of Hespie's most remarkable performances. She was gambolling in the large compartment of her cage, in intense animal enjoyment. She had just woke from a long sleep, and had eaten of some favorite food, when she burst into a fulness of song very rich in its variety. While running and jumping, she carolled off, what I have called her *grand rôle*; then, sitting, she went over it again, ringing out the strangest diversity of changes, by an almost whimsical transposition of the bars of the melody; then, without, for even an instant, stopping the music, she leaped into the wheel, sent it revolving at its highest speed, and, while thus running in the wheel, she went through the wheel-song in exquisite style, giving several repetitions of it. After this, without at all arresting the singing, she returned to the large compartment, sat upright, resumed again the *grand rôle*, and put into it some variations of execution which astonished me. One measure, I remember, was so silvery and soft that I said, to a lady who was listening, that a canary able to execute that would be worth a hundred dollars. I occasionally detected what I am utterly unable to explain—a literal dual sound (a rollicking chuckling), very like a boy, whistling as he runs, drawing a stick along the pickets of a fence. So the music went on, as I listened, watch in hand, until actually *nine minutes had elapsed!* Now, the wonderful fact is, that the rest between the rôles was never much

more than for a second of time; and, during all this singing, the muscles could be seen in vigorous action, through the entire length of the abdomen. This feat would be impossible to a professional singer; and the nearest to it that I have heard was the singing of a wild mocking-bird in a grove."

The point which I think I have demonstrated elsewhere in this matter is, the invalidity of the position taken by some, that the singing faculty of these little creatures is due to a diseased condition. The specimen above dwelt on has been for a whole at least in perfect health. It now appears, from a late number of the *Naturalist*, that a gentleman in Maryland amused himself in breeding white mice, in the hope of raising a singer. After raising several hundred, he procured one that manifested a little musical ability. It sang in six months about half a dozen times. He says that it is in perfect health, and that its offspring are the largest and the finest, and that it is an amiable, playful little pet. This was a domestic mouse, and at best but a very moderate singer. But Hespie differs in all respects. She is the wild wood-mouse, and an incessant singer, and one of very remarkable parts in musical ability. She has also many interesting differences pertaining to habits and food. Cheese is not relished by her; but insects and graas are choice morsels. Her greatest luxuries are worms, and maggots out of nuts and fruit. She will take an earth-worm into her little hands, and, holding it up to her mouth at one end, will cause it to gradually shorten and disappear, as some bipeds from Faderland might dispatch a favorite sausage. Her agility in catching flies is wonderful; she leaps at the object, and rarely misses a catch.

A singular fact is this: she is subject to occasional attacks of nostalgia. They are brought about in this way: For her health, as well as for our comfort, the cage must be regularly cleansed. This is at all times annoying to her. But occasionally the little bed of cotton-wool, in a small box in her large compartment, is taken out, and burnt, and a new one is supplied. This occurs about once a month, and invariably this change of bed is followed by a day or two of homesickness. She is unhappy, seems not to like the situation, tears her bed up, pulls it out, then pulls it in, in part, and goes off somewhere, and lies down, a habit she does not like to indulge in outside of the privacy of her little box. The tiny being is undoubtedly sick, and has not much appetite. After at most two days, she becomes reconciled, and is as merry and

rollicking as ever, proving that to animals and men contentment is a continual feast.

She is not without imitation, for she has appeared to listen to, and to aim to imitate, the canary's song. Of course, imitations are seldom to be admired, and perhaps, even in music, mimicry may be set down as in the main base. I have known her to be excited into song by the playing of the piano, especially if the playing was in the natural key. There are many things that might be said, but the proverb on brevity is suggestive; so we will add only one thing more, and we regret that this last say is not in keeping with the Christian moral of speaking the last word kindly. Alas for little Hesprie! She repels every approach, even the hands that lovingly minister to her comforts; and, notwithstanding her great accomplishments, she is a capricious and unamiable little vixen.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE VICISSITUDES OF THE ESCORIAL.

Of the great historical edifices of the sixteenth century, the Escorial is more strongly stamped than any other with the character of its age, country, and founder. Its vast size, its harmonious design, and the uniform ashy hue of its granite walls, invest it with an air of solemn grandeur which accords well with its melancholy site on the slope of the Guodarama range, and with the sombre story of Philip II. Begun in 1562, and completed in 1584,\* it stands, or lately stood, in all external features as it did when Philip died there in 1598. During the greater part of his reign, artists and artificers of all kinds were busy on its internal decorations, and cases filled with all that was rich and rare, pictures, statuary, and bronzes from Italy, tapestry from the Netherlands, plate from Nuremberg and Milan, saintly relics from many a distant shrine, were constantly arriving from all parts of the world. It was long the treasury of the artistic wealth of the Spanish crown. Philip III. began, and Philip IV. finished, the noble subterranean hall in which repose the Austrian and Bourbon kings and their queens who have given them heirs. The sum spent by Philip II. on the Escorial is estimated at

about 8,000,000 ducats, or about one million sterling; and the Pantheon cost his son and grandson about 100,000*l.* more: both small sums when compared with the cost of many meaner works in our days. The building contained a convent, a college, a school, a very noble church, and a tolerable palace. From the days of the founders to those of Joseph Bonaparte, the religious services of the temple were performed by a long line of Jeromite friars, with a magnificence worthy of their splendid abode. The palace was frequently inhabited by the Spanish kings of both houses: and Philip V., though health compelled him to take refuge amongst the woods and waters of San Ildefonso, used to say that he was as proud of his Escorial as of his crown.

The Escorial has suffered severely and often from lightning and fire. Seven years before its completion, on the night of the 21st of July, 1577, a tremendous storm burst over the rising edifice. Lightning struck it in various places simultaneously. Some picture-frames and robes were set on fire in a sacristy; a rent was made in the wall of an upper room; and the western tower, now called the *Botica*, was wrapped in flames. The woodwork of the tower, with its leaden roof and eleven bells, were completely destroyed, and a staircase below was blocked up by the streams of molten metal. Philip II., who was staying in the neighbourhood, was soon on the spot, attended by the veteran Duke of Alba, who, in spite of his gout, took command of the crowd of workmen and spectators whom the conflagration had attracted. Having organized lines of men to hand the buckets of water, he directed the action of the fire engines, indicated the doors and windows over which wet blankets were to be spread, and posted himself in an adjacent tower from whence to issue his further orders. Two soldiers, who had escaped from captivity at Constantinople, especially distinguished themselves by the skill and daring with which they seconded their veteran leader. Many persons engaged were for tearing down the adjacent roofs; but the master of the works, Fray Antonio de Villacastin, resolutely forbade it, saying the walls of his tower were strong enough to imprison the fire, and the ball and cross of the tower would fall, not on the building, but on the ground below. His prediction was verified at six in the morning of the 22nd of July, when the pious King retired to his oratory, to thank God for the extinction of the fire.

In 1642, one of the corner towers was shattered by a thunderbolt; and a similar

\* The site was prepared in 1562-63; the first stone being laid on 23rd of April, 1563, and the last on the 13th September, 1584. The architects were Juan Bautista de Toledo and Juan de Herrera. One master of the works, Fray Antonio de Villacastin, superintended the building from its commencement to its completion.

accident happened to another in 1650. Ere the pile was a century old, it had a narrow escape from total destruction.

In the afternoon of the 7th of June, 1671, a chimney in the college near the north-west angle took fire; a strong north-wind rising soon afterwards carried some sparks amongst the timbers of the adjacent roof, and the vast edifice continued to burn for no less than fifteen days. A great part of the roof of the entire building was destroyed, and the belfry, with a fine peal of bells, perished. The church, of which the noble dome is the crown and centre of the structure, was in great danger, and the Holy Sacrament had to be carried off at midnight to a place of safety. Canon Quevedo, the latest historian of the Escorial, writing of the event in 1854, thus moralizes upon the removal of the sacred wafer: — "The presence of Almighty God, accompanied by a few monks, and illuminated by the splendour of the furious conflagration which threatened to destroy His holy tabernacle, was a deeply afflicting sight; religion multiplied the terrors of the scene; all were in tears; for it seemed as if in this transit of God himself as a fugitive from peril, all hope of rescue was taken away.\* An immense amount of valuable property was destroyed, including a precious library of Oriental manuscripts, which, by an odd chance, was ignited from the great Turkish standard made of cotton, captured in the Turkish admiral's ship at Lepanto. The damage done to the building was estimated at 90,000*l.* and the repairs took four years to accomplish. One-third of the cost was defrayed by the King, Charles II., and two-thirds were provided out of the revenues of the Jeromite brotherhood, thanks to the energy and administrative ability of Fray Marcos de Herrera, their Prior. The long continuance of the fire led to a general belief in Europe that the great monument of Philip II. was no more. A brief and meagre abridgment of the work of Los Santos† was published in London, entitled *The Escorial: or, a description of that wonder of the world built by King Philip II., and lately consumed by fire. Translated into English by a Servant of the Earl of Sandwich in his Extraordinary Embassy. London, 1671.*

On the night of the 5th of September, 1732, a terrific thunderstorm burst over the Escorial, and it was believed to have been struck with lightning. Careful inspection was made next morning at day-break without discovery of damage; but at one o'clock of that day the roof near the tower of the *Seminario* was found to be in flames. The fire reached the lantern of the College, and was already perceptible in the inner cloisters, when it was got under by the exertions of the firemen and the miraculous power of an image of Our Lady, which had revealed the victory of Lepanto to Pope Pius V. The damage was not very great, and with some assistance from the King, was soon repaired.

On the first of September, 1744, the building was again struck by lightning, which ignited a quantity of bark used for tanning, and the store of firewood, and consumed an interior court, and the entire conventual provision of corn and flour. Ferdinand VI., in consideration of the loss sustained by the fathers, conferred upon them some Indian perferment or revenues.

On the 18th of November, 1755, the shock of the famous earthquake which laid Lisbon in ruins was distinctly felt at the Escorial. The fine brass chandelier which hung from the vaulted roof of the church-choir was observed to vibrate for several minutes. The admirable solidity of the building withstood the subterranean commotion, and no rent or subsidence was discovered in any portion of it. But the monks were afterwards in the habit of singing, on the anniversary of the occasion, a special *Te Deum* for the preservation of their house.

On the 8th of October, 1763, a fire broke out towards evening in one of the upper stories, in the magazine of wax and torches, and blazed with great vehemence. The night was fortunately calm, and the fire being arrested by the thick wall of the tower of the *Seminario*, was soon extinguished. Charles III. gave 5,000*l.* towards the restoration.

The evil times which were to come upon Spain and the Escorial in the present century, began in 1807. As the French troops were crossing the Pyrenees in September and October, the dissensions between Ferdinand Prince of Asturias and his father Charles IV. grew more and more irreconcilable. At the last, towards the end of October, the prince was placed in close confinement at the Escorial, in a little room usually occupied by the servant of the Prior. Of many of the scandals of that wretched royal family and the popular

\* *Historia del Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo del Escorial escrita por el ex-Bibliothecario de S. M. en dicho Monasterio, Don Jose Quevedo, Canonigo de Badajoz. Madrid, 1854. 8vo. p. 127.*

† *Descripcion del Monasterio de San Lorenzo del Escorial. Por el P. Fr. Francisco de los Santos. Madrid, 1637 and 1664, fol.*

manifestations which followed them, the Escorial became the scene. In the various military occupations which followed, it is remarkable that a building which appears predisposed to conflagration should have escaped injury by fire. In March, 1808, the vanguard of Murat's army was there, and General Barbou, with 3,000 or 4,000 men, was quartered in the *Seminario*. Soon after the famous "*Dos de Mayo*" massacres in the capital, preparations were commenced for turning the Escorial into a military hospital, but they were stopped by the retreat of the French. On the 4th of December, however, the invaders were once more in possession of the Castilles, and the place was occupied by General La Houssaye and two regiments of dragoons. A decree of Joseph Bonaparte excepting the Escorial from the general suppression of convents gave the Jeromites some hopes of a quiet life, hopes which were soon blasted by an order to quit, from which only a few of the older fathers were afterwards exempted. In 1809 one Quilliet, a Frenchman, whom Joseph had appointed Conservator of the Monuments of Art in Royal palaces of Spain, or, in other words, his private plunder collector, appeared at the Escorial with a royal order for the removal to Madrid of all the precious objects in the house, with the exception of articles in gold and silver. Three hundred cart-loads of pictures and statuary were soon afterwards packed and carried off. Next year the gold and silver followed, all but a few things which the monks contrived to hide. This rich harvest was reaped by a couple of Spanish commissioners, by the aid of a list furnished by Quilliet, who was the presiding genius of the spoliation. This man had visited the Escorial in 1807, at the beginning of the invasion, and had wormed himself into the confidence of the poor monks by diatribes against the French Emperor, and by circulating a paper called *Napoleon unmasked*. Pleased with his opinions and his taste, they showed him all their valuables and curiosities, and, like their sovereign and his family, found when too late what it was to trust a *gavacho*. The removal of the fine library was entrusted to Antonia Conde, the well-known Arabic scholar, who, though a partizan of the French, had some national feeling left, and, by a trick, saved the manuscripts from transportation to France. Packing them carefully in boxes, he deposited them in the convent of La Trinidad at Madrid, and then buried them beneath a mighty pile of the printed books, which, as being less valuable, were brought

from the Escorial in open baskets. For five years this mass of learning lay in dust and darkness, and being forgotten by the invaders, was returned in due time to the Escorial, the MSS. to their proper chamber, and the printed volumes to display, according to the fashion of the place, their gilt edges to the visitor of the library, a fashion noted with praise by an Italian traveller in 1650, as making the walls seem "clothed with gold from floor to roof."\* On the 12th July, Joseph Bonaparte slept at the palace when on the way to his disasters in the north. Wellington was at the Escorial on the 9th September, and in and about the place there were, about this time, 40,000 British and Portuguese troops. The upper library was occupied by 200 English soldiers, employed in making shoes; and the whole building, being filled with their comrades, probably ran greater risks of fire than at any previous epoch of its history.

In 1826, a fire, raging for eighteen hours, destroyed a considerable portion of the Escorial between the church and the Ladies' Tower, including one of the bell-fries. The building still bore many cruel marks of its barrack days. By this fire Ferdinand VII. was induced to come to its relief, and he is said to have spent on it about 8,000*l.*, his pious second queen, Mary Amelia of Saxony, also presenting the Geronimites with a custodia of gold and jewels worth 10,000*l.* The building in Ferdinand's time was, however, still further stripped of its artistic possessions, in order to furnish the Royal Museum of Pictures at Madrid.

In the spring of 1836, during the civil war, apprehensions of a Carlist raid caused, or were used as a pretext to excuse, the removal to the capital of nearly all the remaining pictures and other portable works of art. In June the monks were ordered to lay aside their monastic dress, and assume the habits of secular priests; and on the 29th November, 1837, the whole brotherhood received notice to leave the country. By the evening of December 1st, sixty old men, all over seventy, were turned adrift to shift for themselves, and a few days later the furniture of their cells was sold for the benefit of the Government, and produced 8,000 reals, or about 80*l.* sterling. The Prior alone kept his place, under the name of Abbot-Administrator, at the head of sixteen chaplains, of whom he was to have the choice.

\* *Le Reali Grandezze dell' Escorial di Spagna, compilate dal R. P. D. Ilario Mazzolari.* Bologna, 1650, 4to. p. 132.

But they also were dismissed in 1838, and the care of the building given to a few priests living in the town.

In 1840 the Escorial, thus deserted, showed such alarming signs of decay that the Government restored one of the towers and made a few other pressing repairs. In 1847 the staff of chaplains was raised to thirty, and they were ordered to live in the building, which they did, it was said, with considerable reluctance.

Seven years later, these ecclesiastics, or the survivors of them, were replaced by a decree of Isabella II. (May 30, 1854), by a small society of Jeromite monks, presided over by a Prior. The revived monastic life of the house was solemnly inaugurated by the Cardinal Primate. We are told by the historian of the Escorial that a "distinguished company of courtiers, a vast concourse of people from the neighbouring towns, and the whole population of the royal seat, were present at the ceremony, and displayed that devotion which Spaniards always display at all religious rites."

The subsequent revolution has, we presume, once more put the Jeromites to flight; but it would, perhaps, be rash to assume that the monk has finally disappeared from the cloisters and halls of Philip II. The casualty which has again brought the name of the Escorial into temporary prominence is a physical visitation similar to others which have so often imperilled its existence. About 10 P.M. on the night of October 1, of this year, a frightful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning burst over the Castiles. Violent enough at Madrid, its fiercest fury was felt at the Escorial. A thunder-clap, louder than many other very loud ones, awoke the echoes of the Guadarnas and terrified the inhabitants of the village. Half-an-hour afterwards the storm abated, and the sky became clear. The great bell of the monastery was then heard ringing its fire-signal. Lightning had struck the roof of the College in the Court of Kings, and the flames were spreading in the direction of the library. About 700 people, men, women and children, started from their slumbers, and rushed to the rescue. The contents of the library were removed to a place of safety, but there was only one fire-engine at hand, and that in bad order. Aid was telegraphed for to Madrid at 11.30 P.M., but the engines with their apparatus did not arrive, from causes which have yet to be explained, until 6.30 A.M. on the 2nd October. King Amadeus was preparing to go down in the next spe-

cial train, but desisted in consequence of a telegram from the officer in charge, saying that the fire was subdued. In spite of this assurance the flames continued to show themselves all day, and it was not till between 9 and 10 A.M. on the 3rd that the conflagration was finally quelled. None of the works of art were injured, unless in the removal. Fears were entertained for the frescoes on the ceiling of the library, not from the effects of fire but from the weight of rubbish which encumbered the floors above them; but the cautious and successful removal of this rubbish is said to be in progress. The damage done to the building has been variously and, of course, very roughly estimated at 25,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, and 40,000*l.* A subscription to defray the repairs was talked of, but the king has announced his intention of meeting the whole expense from his own resources—an act of generosity far beyond anything his people has yet deserved at his hands.

Such is the last vicissitude of the Spaniards' eighth wonder of the world—once a symbol of vastness so familiar to the English imagination, as to be embodied in a rhyming adage preserved by George Herbert:—

My house, my house! although but small,  
Thou art to me the Escorial!\*

Those who desire to see it as it once was, should refer to the *Differentes Vues del Escorial* par Louis Meunier, 1665, or the *Vistas del Escorial*, by Josef Gomez de Navia, 1800; both of which give a fair idea of many of its most imposing aspects.

\* *Jacula Prudentum*. London, 1640. 8vo. No. 413.

From Temple Bar.

"POOR DEAR CHUQUET."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

"M'SIEUR, is it then the Abbaye d'Ardayne for which you ask? Do not trouble yourself, then. I am the person you need. You have but to follow me."

I find it easy to write words down—impossible to convey the manner in which they gushed from the lips which spoke them.

I had been spending a week in Normandy, in the old town of St. Roque, and on this evening I was walking along the dusty high road between St-Roque and La Maladrerie, debating with myself whether it



was too late in the evening to go in search of the Abbaye d'Ardaine.

"Murray," says I ought to go and see this ruin, and to a respectable middle-aged Englishman like myself there is something akin to criminality in despising the advice of "Murray."

But then "what will you?" as my landlord said this morning, when he told me that the sand-eels, one of the things I came to Normandy to eat, are out of season. I wish writers would put dates to their facts, and not make other people's mouths water for articles which are not to be had.

Where was I? Oh, I was about to remark that when I reached the twin spires of St.-Etienne the clock was striking seven, and a soft subdued light on the quaint old stone houses warned me that it was fast waning.

I reached the turnpike — the *octroi*, I mean — and I asked the collector, "How far to the *abbaye*?"

I turn now to see who has taken the answer out of the mouth of that very respectable apple-cheeked Norman in a blouse, who removed his pipe and touched his cap when I spoke, and I stare at the figure beside me.

She is a woman, brown and wrinkled, though I think only middle-aged. She looks as if the clinging lilac cotton gown she wears constitutes her sole clothing, except a white cotton stocking cap, a scarlet kerchief across her shoulders, its ends tucked beneath a blue apron rolled into a bundle, and sabots on her bare brown feet.

Her hands and throat have the meagre sinewy aspect so special to Frenchwomen past their youth; but there is a brightness in her cheery blue eyes and a humorous curve in her lips which take off from the misery of her appearance.

Still she has the appearance of a scarecrow, and I — I am a nervous man — hesitate and look at the *octroi* keeper.

Frenchman like, he takes in my perplexity at once.

"She will take you the shortest road, m'sieur."

He nods, and goes back to his pipe, with a shrug.

I ask myself why my friend in the blouse has shrugged his round shoulders.

Is he wondering at the insanity which sets a gentleman of my respectable appearance — (I really am highly respectable) — wandering after ruins at this time in the evening? And then a suggestion consoles me:

"Frenchmen always shrug their shoulders."

The lightly-clad female waxes impatient.

"*Allons, m'sieur*; you wish to see the *abbaye*, is it not so?"

"How far do you call it?" I ask again, but she is tramping off already with those noisy black sabots.

"That I call it, or that it is called" —

She comes to a halt, looks at me over her shoulder and winks: "*C'est ça*. M'sieur can go along the high road." She points a lean brown finger. "Ah, yes, by way of La Maladrerie; and he will walk four miles." Her mouth twitches with delight, and I feel I look discomfited. "But what then? M'sieur can walk well; he has excellent boots; he does not care. Ah, yes, it is to him nothing, to save perhaps the walking of two miles to our *abbaye*. Do not put yourself out, m'sieur."

She says this "*Ne vous dérangez pas*," soothingly, but in so rapid a gabble that I gasp while I listen.

"But I do care," I say, like an impetuous idiot; "I want to go the short way," and then I shudder. How can I go tramping off in such very disreputable company?

"Ah, m'sieur cares?" She looks at me with her head on one side, as if I were a curiosity. "It is then different. I am going to the *abbaye*, and m'sieur can follow me if he pleases. He can keep me in sight, if he pleases, at a distance, across the fields. Then M'sieur can reach the *abbaye* in less than half an hour."

I look round, and the failing light warns me that it is too late to go exploring, but I have only four days more in St.-Roque, and if I can reach the *abbaye* in half an hour, it seems foolish to lose this chance.

"Very well," and I turn to follow my guide. She starts off like a hare, and is soon ahead of me.

This will do. I can keep her white cap in sight and be free from her companionship.

She is leading the way down a by-path, barred a little way on by a gate.

She waits at this gate till I come up with her; but I pass on in silence. I am not going to hold a conversation with a creature less respectable-looking than an Irish hop-picker.

I may as well try to run away from my shadow; she is up with me in a second.

"*Ah ça, m'sieur*, is m'sieur then staying in St.-Roque? Ah, but it is fine, the town of St.-Roque — so large, so *grandiose*! And m'sieur stays, at what hotel?"

She puts the question in a ridiculous coaxing way; her head on one side like an attentive bird; her eyes sparkle with eagerness.

"I am at the Hôtel Ste-Barbe," I say sulkily; and then I ask myself, "Why on earth need I satisfy this hag's curiosity?"

"Aha, the Hôtel Ste-Barbe; but it is a fine house, clean, and well kept by honest folks. Yes, yes, m'sieur has chosen well; but"—her head ducks on one side, and her eyes sparkle into mine—she is close beside me now—"is m'sieur rich?"

"No, no; I am not." I double my pace to get free of the begging I feel impending. I may as well try to fly. The nimble scarecrow overtakes me directly. Unless I run—and really I don't think running would suit my "wind," or look respectable, and I may meet a *garde champêtre*, and he may take me up on suspicion; unless I run I scarcely see how I am to get free from my tormentor.

"Aha, but it is a pity that m'sieur is not rich. M'sieur will not like the bill when it arrives. The Hôtel Ste-Barbe is all that can be desired, but"—she makes a pause—"at the Hotel Ste-Barbe m'sieur must pay treble what is needful to pay. Now, as m'sieur is not rich, if he had consulted me I could take him to a *cabaret* well kept, where he would have a bed; there is not a *table d'hôte*, but when m'sieur wants to eat he goes out; he buys meat, bread, and herbs, and the woman of the *cabaret* makes him a soup and a *bouilli*. M'sieur will perhaps not have *friandises*, but he will have meat and drink, cider of the best, and then he will have money to spare for those who have none. *Ma foi!* M'sieur has perhaps not known how it feels—an empty stomach? Ah, but I know." Here she gave her pocket a vigorous slap. "I can see," she raised her lean finger—"that, m'sieur is exactly like my poor dear Chuquet; he could never go without his dinner. *Ma foi!* but there is a resemblance!"

She laughed out heartily and clapped her hands. I could hardly help joining in her merriment, but I was indignant at being likened to the ragged creature's departed better half—another scarecrow, no doubt. I have remarked that women speak of their departed lords as "poor dears," a term of pity perhaps for the lost happiness of the said departed, deprived of their wives' society.

I look at my strange companion, and contrasting the bright cheerfulness of her face with her miserable clothing I feel I am hard-hearted.

Here is a poor, forlorn vagabond, going out of her way, for aught I know, to serve me, and trying to amuse me as we go, and here am I, justifying to the full my birthright as a "haughty islander."

"Is your husband dead?" I try to make my tone of voice gracious.

"Is it then my poor dear Chuquet? Ah, but yes, m'sieur," she catches at her apron to wipe her eyes, but the bundle is too heavy; so she uses the back of her hand instead. "My husband has died in the hospital; he was a soldier, m'sieur. Ah! but m'sieur should have seen him in uniform. I saw him in it twice, and I thought I should have died with pleasure; but—*ah ça, m'sieur, hâtons le pas*; while we talk it grows dark, do you not see?"

It has indeed grown suddenly dark during the last few minutes. I look ahead. I see a long stretch of fields beyond that which we are crossing, and beyond these again a clump of trees suggestive of a farmstead.

"How much farther to the *abbaye*?" I ask.

"Farther? *Dame*, but m'sieur is there—*hâtons le pas*—in three or four minutes we are even at the gates. M'sieur can see the roof of the *abbaye* behind the trees."

She points a crooked finger, and I make out something white among the gloom of a group of trees.

"But that is more than a mile off, surely?"—for the white track winds zigzag fashion before us in anything but a direct course.

"Ah, but there again! It is extraordinary the manner in which m'sieur resembles my poor dear Chuquet! M'sieur has perhaps a wife?" she asks with her inquisitive bird-like glance.

This is too much. I reply stiffly that I am not married, and walk on fast with my hands in my pockets.

To no purpose; she has come closer to me.

The side path has been mounting gradually, so that we are now some five feet above the cart road which runs alongside of us.

I feel inclined to take my scarecrow, and drop her into the lower road; but then, in spite of my dignified and rather imposing appearance, I have a soft heart, and I cannot run the risk of hurting a woman, notwithstanding her rags, her impudence, and her cotton nightcap.

I edge as far off as possible, and walk on.

"*Ah ça!*"—here she is again, sidling up closer than ever—"m'sieur has not a wife—that is then in the future, is it not so? So nice-looking a m'sieur will not be left alone in the world; it is not possible." She laughs again.

I turn a wrathful countenance, but she is not looking at me, and she gabbles on.

"It was his face and his *tournure* that made me marry my poor dear Chuquet, and when he was not drunk he was good to me—ah, *so* good! If I had had him longer he would doubtless have been better; but what will you? he was a soldier, m'sieur. I was his wife for six years, and in that time I saw him but for two months, and then he came home to die in the hospital. My poor dear Chuquet, he has beaten me when he was drunk; but what will you? Soldiers must drink—it is a part of their life. Ah *ça*, m'sieur, think then of their dusty marches and their fatigue and their hard life. *Dame!* it is just they should be free sometimes to enjoy themselves."

She manages to get up a corner of her apron, and she wipes real tears from her poor eyes. I have grown interested against my will, and in spite of the strong flavour of garlic which I have been inhaling.

"My good woman, do you then consider drinking and beating you were your husband's enjoyments?"

"*Dame, m'sieur!* and how can I know?" She slaps her side vigorously. "I was young and foolish then. I am wiser now. Aha! only grey hairs"—she touches her cap quickly—"bring wisdom to merry folk like me. But when I have seen Chuquet spend his money on other women s have cried and reproached him, and then, m'sieur, was it not natural that he should beat me? When he had got but those two months of enjoyment in his life it was not possible he should choose to be contradicted. *Allons, m'sieur, hâtons le pas,*" she said cheerily; then in a softened, almost meditative voice, "But it is strange, the resemblance I find in m'sieur to my poor dear Chuquet!"

I don't think I am a coxcomb; but still, if women do address personal observations to me they are of a flattering nature.

"The old hag!" I feel the blood flying up to my temples: it is more than any equanimity, however dignified, can stand, to be likened to a drunken, profligate ruffian—a ruffian who neglected and beat his wife. Besides, how does this scarecrow dare to overleap social distinctions by likening me to a person capable of marrying her?

I feel the foreigner was right who said, "Every Englishman is an island." In an instant I am sea-girt, and I look across my straits with a lowering brow.

The scarecrow is laughing again. I have put up my double eye-glasses to look at the *abbaye*, and I fancy she is looking at them.

"Ah, *ça*, m'sieur will ask, 'Why do you laugh? M'sieur says he is not rich. M'sieur must pardon me if I laugh.' I am frowning portentously, and yet she goes on grinning and displaying her blackened teeth. "But the folks who are poor do not wear gold spectacles."

She leaves off laughing, and looks at me more hungrily than ever. I am tired of this infliction, and I pull out a franc.

"Thank you for showing me the way. I can manage alone now."

The nightcap ducks on one side, but she does not take the franc.

"*Tiens!* and m'sieur has then the idea that at this hour he will gain entrance to the *abbaye* without me to help him? Ah, but that is too amusing. See how I chatter. I have been so impressed with the wonderful resemblance between m'sieur and my poor dear Chuquet"—I stamp with impatience as I stride along—"that I have never told him that I am a visitor at the *abbaye*. Ah, but yes, they are of my friends. I do not say, m'sieur, that I know the Delpierres, the proprietors—ah, no, that would indeed be an invention; but the husband of my gossip Madame Besson, is farmer at the *abbaye* while the Delpierre family voyage for the health of madame, and my gossip is rejoiced to see me. I go there—what will you?—three—four—five times every week—it is a *fête* when they see me. Here we are, m'sieur—*hâtons le pas.*"

We have come abruptly on an avenue leading off on the left towards the gates of the *abbaye*.

"But I cannot intrude if it is past the time for showing the ruins." I wonder this idea has not come to me sooner.

"Ah, bah! the ruins are shown at all hours."

The light lingers, as if unwilling to depart; but I know that when the darkness comes it will be profound—the moon is only a day old.

The gates are huge, of massive oak, with heavy iron clamps and knobs; there is an arched heading at top of carved stonework, and on each side, a little way in front, stand great stone posts, blistered with lichen spots. The posts must have seen centuries of hard usage, for fragments have been broken from their egg-shaped tops. We have had no rain for a fortnight, and yet there is water still in the hollows left in the posts.

My guide knocks against the small door in the gate with both fists—there is no answer.

La Chuquet looks round breathless.

"*Allons, m'sieur*; come and help knock; the mistress puts the *bébé*s to sleep, and she hears nothing then. *Allons*, knock hard, m'sieur — still harder!"

I knock, simply because her untiring energy is infectious, and I take the skin off my knuckles against an iron knob.

"Ah, never mind; it is too late." I turn away from the gate disgusted with myself. "I don't want to go in at an unseemly time. I thought we should get in without any fuss of this kind."

She leaves off knocking, and contemplates me with eager and smiling eyes.

"Ah! but how like then to my poor dear Chuquet! It is wonderful. He never could support trouble. Ah if monsieur could have seen him but for one minute with his decorations! He was decorated twice, m'sieur. And when the Emperor has passed through La Maladrerie he has said: 'Where then is the widow of my brave Chuquet, my decorated soldier? Let me see her. And I — you see it was by a mischance, — but I was at field work at St. Laurent; but they told me, the soldiers did, when I came back. *Dame!* but it was an opportunity lost; the Emperor would have given me a pension. M'sieur can now perceive what a distinction it is to have been the wife of the poor dear Chuquet."

I stand paralyzed by this rapid flow of invention — which I am sure it is — delivered without a pause for breath and with arms akimbo. Then I hear a sound of unbarring; the door in the gate opens, and there stands another woman in a white cotton night-cap, but she has a pretty face, brown as it is; her dress is like that of a peasant, but it is of good sound stuff, and looks fresh and clean. She shakes her head as she sees me, and her long gold earrings tinkle.

"Too late — too late!"

And then she spies out Widow Chuquet, and it seems to me that she scolds her lustily in some inscrutable *patois*.

I bow, and try to look prepossessing.

"Though it is so late, madame, for which I am extremely sorry" — here I bow again, though she is a peasant her pretty face exacts a certain amount of homage — "now I am here, perhaps you will allow me just to come in and look at the front of your *abbaye*?"

She looks rather sulky still, but my scarecrow sets up such a deafening outcry that the mistress claps both hands to her ears, and lets go of the gate. La Chuquet springs across the threshold and holds the gate open for me.

"*Entrez — entrez, m'sieur*; be welcome." Then she looks at Madame Besson — he is welcome, is he not, madame?"

"Monsieur is welcome, since he is here." Madame Besson says this with a sigh, and then she turns her back on me and sits down on a great heap of straw just within the gate.

"A thousand thanks," I say, with another bow.

"*Allons*," says my scarecrow; "*n'y a pas de temps à perdre*."

I feel sure my guide is the charwoman, or, lower still, probably the cowerd of that pretty girl with the earrings. It is a most disreputable introduction. However, I go on. I can find my way without help, and there is light enough still to see the perfect and exquisite tracery of the rose window over the great doorway.

The *abbaye* stands out alone in the midst of the great farm-yard, seemingly in a very perfect state outside, but trusses of straw and hay show through the unglazed windows it is evidently used as a granary.

My guide has gone back to her mistress. They make a picture in the half light — the brown-skinned, black-eyed beauty sitting on the straw with folded arms and glittering earrings — and my poor starved scarecrow in her rags, gesticulating with skinny fingers as she stands before her. I have not seen as much as I wish of the building, but I feel that I must not stay longer.

Good evening, madame. I thank you. Your *abbaye* is very beautiful."

I bow to Madame Besson, and then I nod to the scarecrow and again hold out my franc piece to her.

"*Allons, m'sieur*. We go together. Madame, m'sieur will come to-morrow, and you will give him dinner. Is it not so? Yes, yes, and the *patron* will be at home with the keys, and the doors of the *abbaye* will be open. *Ah ça, m'sieur*, let us make haste, or it will be dark before we reach La Maladrerie."

To my surprise Madame Besson gets up and makes me a courtesy. "*Au revoir, m'sieur — service, m'sieur*," she says, and we depart. I am pleased and softened. I love the sight of a pretty face and fine ruins.

"My friend," I say to la Chuquet, "here — take this. I can find my way back without you. I prefer to go alone."

La Chuquet puts both hands behind her. "But it is impossible! Does m'sieur then think I have guided him for the sake only of a recompense, when, if I had not been struck with his resemblance to my

poor dear Chuquet, I should have left him in peace at the *octroi*? M'sieur cannot find his own way. There are *vauriens* in these fields at nightfall, and a gentleman with gold spectacles and a purse — *tiens!* she snaps her fingers at me — "the *vauriens* will put him in a ditch. No, the fields are good for nothing; m'sieur must once more be guided by me. We will return by La Maladrerie. It is there that I live. M'sieur can then find his way by the high road to St.-Roque, or, if he has any doubt, I will again go with him, even to the door of the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe."

"Very well, let us go," I said. I was not quite sure whether, in the fast-coming darkness, I should be able to find my way across the fields again. It would be better to endure her company some minutes longer and let her guide me into the high road, but I am afraid my face did not respond to the enthusiasm with which she spoke. She looked disappointed. Seemingly she had worn herself out. She scarcely spoke till we emerged among the barrack-like dwellings of La Maladrerie. A few steps brought us to the *caserne*.

Here my scarecrow halted.

"I am at home here, m'sieur," she spoke in a tone of apology. "M'sieur sees that the soldiers are fond of me. They call me *la mère* Chuquet, though, as m'sieur may guess, I am not old enough to be the mother of soldiers. But m'sieur need not bid me adieu. I guide him to the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe. I cannot do too much for a m'sieur who so entirely resembles my poor dear Chuquet."

But I am firm. I give her the franc piece and something more, and thank her for her kindness; and the poor scarecrow cries and kisses my hand before the face of the sentry at the *caserne*.

It is two days after.

I am breakfasting at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel Ste.-Barbe with some acquaintances I have made there. Ferdinand, the waiter, comes to me with a very perplexed face.

"Pardon, m'sieur, but there has been a lady calling for m'sieur while he was out before breakfast" —

"A lady?" Two of my friends are cavalry officers, le Colonel Loigereau and le Capitaine de Vaucresson; they are sitting opposite to me, and I see them both smile satirically over their long moustaches. "There is some mistake," I say, in French. I speak angrily, for I feel my face growing red.

"*Mais oui, monsieur,*" says Ferdinand, with his Norman accent. There is a broad smile on his handsome foolish face (what is the idiot smiling at?) "It is a lady which has come to see the English monsieur, and you are the only English gentleman we have in the house. The lady was angry, monsieur. She said that the English monsieur has arranged to dine yesterday at the Abbaye d'Ardaine with Monsieur and Madame Besson, and the dinner was all ready — a beautiful dinner, she says; and it has waited till it was spoiled, and the English monsieur has not come. She was very angry, monsieur."

He still continues to smile.

"*Mon cher,*" de Vaucresson laughs in his cold, careless way, and twists his moustaches, "I did not think you were so hard-hearted. I wish you had sent me instead."

"A dinner! What can it mean? Nonsense." I am getting still more red and angry as remembrance comes back. "It is some hoax."

Colonel Loigereau is quieter than de Vaucresson, but he is watching me all the time.

"What was the lady like?" he says to Ferdinand.

"*Ma foi, monsieur!*" and then Ferdinand grins till I long to box his ears. "It was not a great lady." I get redder, and my friends laugh out. "She had *sabots* on her feet and on her head a *bonnet de coton*. I thought she was a beggar, but she has perfectly described monsieur" — he indicated me by a gesture — "and she has added that monsieur would be sure to remember her if I said she was the widow of a decorated Monsieur Chuquet."

"*La mère Chuquet!*" from both Loigereau and de Vaucresson, in a yell of delight; and then they fall back in their chairs and laugh, with tears rolling down their cheeks.

I do not see how I can ever again visit St.-Roque, and if any mischievous fate takes me there I shall keep clear of La Maladrerie, and above all of the Abbaye d'Ardaine.

From The Spectator.

MR. DARWIN ON ANIMAL EXPRESSION.

MR. DARWIN seldom deals with a subject on which he has not collected sufficient evidence to make out, if not his whole case, at least so much of it as to give quite a new aspect to the subject he discusses. It is so with his book on "The Expression of



the Emotions in Man and Animals,"\* in which he establishes with a clearness that it is hardly possibly to exceed, that some of the most remarkable animal expressions are bound up with the outward aspect of actions originally likely to be serviceable to the doers in relation to the objects which mostly call forth those expressions,—as, for instance, the animal expression called showing the teeth, which was in origin a preparation for biting; or the setting-up of a cat's back, which is a terror-inspiring movement, alarming to her enemies, chiefly, we suspect, because of the sudden and extreme transformation it causes in her, and in a secondary degree through the exaggeration of her apparent size which it produces. But Mr. Darwin also maintains that many of the most expressive, affectionate, and conciliatory attitudes of animals are due to the principle of "antithesis," by which he means the relaxation of all muscles strained in expressing hostility, or (sometimes) the tension of muscles relaxed when expressing hostility; and on this head he does not seem to us to reason half so conclusively; his object being of course to dispose of expressions not directly resulting from serviceable acts, as indirect results of serviceable acts. Thus the dog which, when expressing hostility, walks upright and very stiffly, his head slightly raised, his tail erect and quite rigid, the hairs bristling, the ears pricked forward, and the eyes fixed, expresses friendliness by lowering and wagging his tail, sinking his body downwards, and moving it with the flexibility of a serpent, laying his hair smooth, depressing his ears and drawing them backwards, and elongating the eyelids, so that the eyes no longer seem fixed and staring. The cat, on the other hand, which, tiger-like, lashes the extended tail in anger, erects it quite stiffly when she is pleased and caressing her master, so that in this case certain muscles relaxed in anger are contracted in good-humour. And Mr. Darwin thinks it is the "principle of antithesis" which, working in the animal in some unconscious way, thus relaxes all the muscles previously rigid, or contracts those previously relaxed. He holds, apparently, that the animal's feeling of strong contrast between hostility and friendliness, as regards the emotion to be expressed, leads unconsciously to the choice of the bodily and muscular movements most opposite to those rendered necessary by preparations for war, as modes of expressing intentions of amity and peace.

Now, we cannot quite follow Mr. Darwin's meaning on this head. He tells us (p. 65):—"As the performance of ordinary movements of an opposite kind, under opposite impulses of the will, has become habitual in us and in the lower animals, so when actions of one kind have become firmly associated with any sensation or emotion, it appears natural that actions of a directly opposite kind, though of no use, should be unconsciously performed, through habit and association under the influence of a directly opposite sensation or emotion,"—that is, we suppose, because a cat has been accustomed to put out her claws for battle, and to draw them in when the occasion of battle is over, so it is natural that the tail, lashed from side to side when she is angry, should be accommodated with as different a posture as possible when she is affectionate, and hence its erection. "The tendency to perform opposite movements under opposite sensations or emotions would, if we may judge by analogy, become hereditary through long practice." There is surely a certain deficiency of clearness here as to the *origin* of the practice, which could only become hereditary through its former usefulness. Mr. Darwin will not admit that it is due to a conscious desire of contrast, and has not made it clear how contrasted movements are originally unconsciously produced. We can see that a motion would not be *chosen* to express one feeling which is closely associated with an opposite feeling, but we cannot see how any really antithetical condition of the nerves and muscles could in general be unconsciously produced. If we understand Mr. Darwin aright, he means that animals and men have become so accustomed under the guidance of actions purely voluntary to select opposite motions as a means of expressing opposite intentions,—as, for instance, amongst human beings, beckoning to get a man to approach, and motioning him off to tell him to go away,—that the same principle of opposition would mix itself up unconsciously with their mode of expressing opposite states of feeling, and a dog would relax the muscles of his tail when discovering a friend in an enemy, while a cat would stiffen and erect hers on the same discovery. But is not this explanation putting the cart before the horse? Surely the motions expressive of emotions are long anterior in animal life to the motions expressive of anything like intentions? A dog and a cat do not beckon or motion away. These modes of expression are much more artificial signs of conscious purpose than the

\* John Murray.

greater number of those proper to the lower animals. Surely the first occasion for expressing opposite feelings would, as a rule, be anterior to the occasions for expressing opposite purposes. An animal might learn very early that the movements associated with the want to race about were very different from those associated with the want to rest, in both of which cases there is a real action involved that determines the particular mode of expressing the want. But would this be sufficient to teach the animal even unconsciously the principle of "antithesis,"—namely, that if it wanted to express friendliness, in which no such real action essential to the end in view is involved, the natural state of the body would be one of "antithesis" to the state of hostility. We must remember that as a matter of fact the feeling of friendliness is likely to be anterior to that of hostility. Every animal is attached to its mother before it knows what a danger and an enemy is. Is it likely, then, that the mode of expressing attachment should be a function, as the mathematicians say, of the mode of expressing hostility? Mr. Darwin illustrates very happily his principle of "antithesis" of expression by the following amusing instance. He had a large dog, who was, as most dogs are, very fond of a walk. If he thought he was going a walk, he trotted on "with high steps, head very much raised, moderately erected ears, and tail carried aloft, but not stiffly." Not far from the house a path branched off to the hothouse, which Mr. Darwin often visited without going farther. If at this point Mr. Darwin turned to the hothouse, the dog felt uncertain whether the walk would not end in the hothouse, and was greatly disappointed; "and the instantaneous and complete change of expression which came over him as soon as my body swerved in the least towards the path (and I sometimes tried this as an experiment) was laughable. His look of dejection was known to every member of the family, and was called his *hothouse* face. This consisted in the head drooping much, the whole body sinking a little and remaining motionless, the ears and tail falling suddenly down; but the tail was by no means wagged with the falling of the ears and of his great chops, the eyes became much changed in appearance, and I found that they looked less bright." Now, this is a very skilful illustration of Mr. Darwin's theory, because it is a case of disappointment, and it is hardly necessary to show that the expression of disappointment must be a sud-

den and violent change from that of hope. But for that very reason it is hardly a fair case for Mr. Darwin's purpose. He is labouring to show that almost all positive expressions are either closely associated with some serviceable act, or else antithetical to those which are thus closely associated with a serviceable act. And for this purpose he has had to choose hostile actions as the roots of expression (since they are independently serviceable in the way of self-defence), and to derive signs of friendliness from these by way of contrast, and because they are only serviceable as far as expressive, and not serviceable in themselves. That being his object, it is hardly pertinent to the issue to show that disappointment is expressed by a sudden discontinuance of all the signs of liveliness and hope. Of course it is, disappointment being a purely *relative* emotion. But friendliness and love are not in this sense purely relative emotions. It is quite conceivable that animals should express them which had never in their lives expressed hostility. There are plenty of creatures which never do fight at all, and which yet have a dozen ways of expressing love. As far as we can see, Mr. Darwin would admit only one considerable original source of such expression, those mainly associated with the serviceable actions by which the young derive warmth and food from their mother; and almost all the rest he would explain as antithetical to hostile demonstrations.

This seems to us the weakest part of Mr. Darwin's book. That a great many of the most expressive of animal movements are husks or shadows, as it were, of serviceable actions closely associated with the same emotions, he proves to demonstration. But even so it is not a little questionable whether all these are expressive *because* the actions were originally serviceable, or whether the actions were serviceable because the movements were expressive. Take the sudden change of form and the exaggeration of the apparent size of the cat in the face of an enemy. Is it likely that this action can have been so serviceable as a means of defence as to have developed the habit before the habit was understood by the cat's enemies as a sign of attack? Can the growling and spitting of the cat and dog have been serviceable apart from what they expressed? Was it not the expressiveness that made them serviceable, rather than the serviceableness that made them expressive? And so as to the signs of love, we are quite unable to believe that Mr. Darwin

has proved his case, that the expression of the affections in animals is so often a mere result of reaction from the mode of expressing enmity. There is not, as far as we can see, any proof at all offered that a dog's prostrations before his master are expressions derived from a sort of animal instinct of antithesis. Because preparations for war are very excellent modes of expressing some feelings, it does not follow that there are no modes of expression which have never had any end beyond expression, and which are nevertheless original, and not derived by any "principle of antithesis" from other expressions. The "hot-house face" of Mr Darwin's dog seems to us to have somewhat misled him in relation to the theory of expression. But manifold as are the modes of expressing attachment, humility, and other such feelings in different animals, we do not see that they are either explained or explainable by "the principle of antithesis." That human movements are much more explainable in this way is obvious, because with us the *conscious* sense of contrast is at work, as in the motions by which we beckon and reject. No doubt Mr. Darwin has given us some very interesting explanations of the gestures of assent and dissent, of resolve and of impotence. But he has said hardly anything in this book on the wonderful interpretation of animal signs by other animals. Is the voice of authority, for instance, interpreted by animals solely through association with the stick or other means of punishment? Is the baby's alarm at a frown and pleasure at a smile a result of hereditary instinct? On all these points we should like to have Mr. Darwin's explanations. On the whole, we cannot help thinking that the one weak point in his book is his attempt to explain so many acts expressive of the higher animal feelings by the principle of "antithesis." To his third principle of expression and his very striking theory of blushing we must return on another occasion.

so curious and unexpected as that of the early life of Dickens, and certain faults which we could then overlook have now become so prominent that it is necessary to notice them plainly. The book is about three times its proper length; but that may be pardoned on the ground that, whilst the interest in Dickens is still fresh, many trifles may be admitted which a later biographer would more properly excise. The most conspicuous blemish of Mr. Forster's writing is one for which he has provided us with an obvious parallel. When Leech was illustrating one of Dickens's Christmas books he inadvertently admitted into one of the principal scenes a character who, according to the story, had no right to be there. In Mr. Forster's picture of Dickens's life, we become rather vexed by the extreme prominence of what ought surely to be at most a subsidiary figure. When we have read through the volume, we are rather amazed to look back and remark that the frontispiece contains only a portrait of Dickens. To make the illustration harmonize with the book, Dickens should have been drawn looking up with affectionate reverence to another person, and that person should have been Mr. Forster himself. The title too is something of a misnomer. The book should not be called the *Life of Dickens*, but the *History of Dickens's Relations to Mr. Forster*. We have no doubt whatever—indeed, almost every page contains conclusive proofs—that Dickens entertained a very high regard for Mr. Forster, but Mr. Forster might have been content with establishing that fact, say, fifty times. The fifty-first demonstration becomes a little tedious, and one is inclined to say to the author, before the end of the four hundred and sixty-second page, "My dear sir, you have been very polite in pointing out all the beauties of the object you are describing, and now, if you would be so very kind as just to stand out of the light for a little, we shall be able to see it all the better for ourselves."

Dickens's affection for and confidence in Mr. Forster must indeed have been remarkable. He seems to have regarded him as Pope regarded Bolingbroke, as his "guide, philosopher and friend." For once we have the ordinary biographical conditions reversed. It is the Johnson giving us the life of his Boswell. Dickens never takes a step in life, from the most trivial to the most important, without consulting his oracle; and whenever some rare accident leads him to neglect the oracle's advice he generally has cause to repent. Is Dickens

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From The Saturday Review.  
FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS.\*

THE second volume of Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*, though it contains much that is worth reading, has hardly the interest of the first. It contains no revelation

\* *The Life of Charles Dickens*. By John Forster. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

in doubt whether he shall receive money for lecturing on behalf of a charitable institution? He writes to Mr. Forster. "My opinion" is for returning the money; and the money is returned accordingly. Should Dickens write letters to the *Chronicle*? Mr. Forster is particularly requested to "turn the matter over in his mind at leisure"; and his decision is accepted. Should Dickens put off a dinner when he has accidentally invited more guests than his lodging will contain? "Advise, advise, advise!" he writes to Mr. Forster, and after an elaborate detail of his difficulties he ends once more, "Advise, advise!" On this occasion, strange to say, Mr. Forster's advice to throw over the party is rejected, and yet "the dinner went off very pleasantly." Should Dickens publish a weekly paper—a kind of foretaste of *Household Words*—to be called the *Cricket*? He states his own view, and then exclaims, "But you shall determine. What do you think? And what do you say? . . . Which is it, my dear fellow?" Should Dickens take part in the *Daily News*, then to be started? Mr. Forster anxiously considers the point, and sees the real objection to the proposal—namely, the state of Dickens's health—though, unfortunately, he does not impress the view with sufficient clearness upon his friend. Has Dickens hit upon a good plan for a Christmas story? He does not advance in it at once, "being curious first to see whether its capacity seemed to strike me at all." The book presently is in type. Dickens has two anxieties about it—to know that the slips have reached Mr. Forster, and to know how they strike him. "What do you think," he asks, "of the concluding paragraph? Would you leave it for happiness' sake?" What are the illustrations to be? "Do you think it worth while to throw the period back at all for the sake of anything good in the costumes?" Should the story appear at once, or be delayed for a year? "Your kind help is invoked. What do you think? Would there be any distinctly bad effect in holding over this story for another twelve-month?" Mr. Forster is for delay; and the delay is determined upon. Is Mr. Dick's delusion in *David Copperfield* not to Mr. Forster's liking? Another shall be substituted. Should the often-discussed periodical appear in a certain form? Mr. Forster's doubts are not at first admitted, but Dickens acquiesces ultimately in their justice. What form shall *David Copperfield* assume? Mr. Forster has suggested that it shall be written in the first person, and

Mr. Forster's suggestion is at once gravely taken up, and carried out accordingly. What do you think? Advise, advise, advise—that seems to be Dickens's one cry to Mr. Forster through many years, and we doubt not that the advice was generally sound. But should it have been brought forwards quite so prominently? The author of an autobiography generally apologizes for a too frequent use of the pronoun "I"; but it is not often that a biographer pure and simple has occasion to make the same excuse—not that Mr. Forster seems to be conscious that any excuse is wanted.

The fault is unlucky characteristic of the book in a wider sense. Besides a certain pomposity of tone which affects us unpleasantly, Mr. Forster has been led to take a singularly narrow view of the duties of a biographer. His method of composing the book has been charmingly simple. He has merely stitched together all the letters which he received from Dickens, and connected them by explanatory matter. The view thus afforded of Dickens's character is necessarily one-sided. Dr. Holmes says somewhere that there are really four people in every dialogue between A. and B. There is A. as he appears to himself, or A's A.; and there are also A's B., and B's A., and B's B. In this book we have not Dickens's Dickens, nor anybody else's Dickens except Mr. Forster's Dickens. In a certain sense this must of course be true of every biography; but the ordinary biographer condescends to give us by all the means in his power views of his hero as they appear to other people. He is not content with a simple photograph, but aims at stereographic effect. The easiest method of accomplishing this object is to give us selections from correspondence addressed to more than one person. Every good writer, and especially a man of such versatility and ready sympathy as Dickens, shows different sides of himself when writing to different people. It may almost be said to be a test of really good letter-writing that you should know by the tone of the letter to whom it is addressed. Cowper's exquisite letters would only give half his character if we had none but the playful ones addressed to his lady friends, or none but the melancholy ones addressed to his spiritual teachers. And therefore there is a strong presumption that Dickens is unfairly described by letters addressed to a gentleman who, it is true, appears to have been to him almost a father-confessor, but who, after all, is only one gentleman. It is plain from this volume, as we might have

guessed independently, that Dickens was a voluminous correspondent; he had a very large circle of friends, many very dear to him, and many very distinguished in the world, though none, it may be dearer or more distinguished than Mr. Forster. At the end of this volume Mr. Forster gives us a list of some of the people who used to dine with Dickens; amongst them and the others who appear more conspicuously in the course of the narrative we find Maclise, Stanfield, Macready, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, Lord and Lady Lovelace, Lord Lytton, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tennyson, Captain Marryat, Mazzini, and a great number of others, living and dead, of more or less general reputation. Would it not have increased our knowledge of Dickens if we could have judged for ourselves how he wrote to them or they to him, and thus possibly caught glimpses of some secret recesses of his nature — if such there were — not laid bare to the piercing gaze of Mr. Forster?

The worst of it is that this mode of describing Dickens brings into strong relief the least admirable side of his character. There is one little anecdote which Mr. Forster tells with immense complacency which to our taste very disagreeably illustrates this tendency. "Remember that for my biography, he [Dickens] said to me gravely on Twelfth Day in 1849, after telling me what he had done the night before; and as gravely I now redeem my laughing promise that I would." What Dickens had done would in itself make a pretty little story enough. He had got up in the middle of a cold winter night, to practise dancing the polka for the amusement of his little children on a birthday festivity to take place on the morrow. The action was kindly, and such as might find place in a biography as a touching little detail — on one condition; the condition, namely, that it should not have been done with a view to the biography. It is really strange that Mr. Forster does not see how completely he takes the whole grace out of the performance by introducing Dickens in this character. As we now read the anecdote, it looks as though the man was so penetrated to the core with a sense of his own importance that he could not do a simple act of kindness to his children without thinking how it would look in his biography. He gets up in the middle of the night, not out of pure fondness for his little girls, but to exclaim to posterity, Here am I, the great novelist, the mighty portrayer of human nature, the "inimita-

ble Boz," and, as you will observe with wondering admiration, I am actually like one of you; I have simple natural affections; I am not too dignified to play with my children! If we could accept the story as Mr. Forster tells it, we should say that it was as disagreeable an anecdote as we have often read; and it falls in only too well with the overdone pathos of little Nell and Paul Dombey, and that vein of cheap sentiment which Dickens was too fond of working, and which Mr. Forster admires with a biographer's admiration. We trust, however, and believe that Dickens was at the time perfectly sincere, and only spoke to Mr. Forster in joke, or, at most, from a subsequent perception of the picturesque points of his performance. When a man has done something impressive and whispers to a friend, Just put that down in a book, it is a strange blunder to put down the whisper as well as the action.

In fact, however, we cannot say that Dickens makes an altogether agreeable impression upon us in this volume. Mr. Forster remarks in one place "how great an actor was in Dickens lost." To say the truth, the actor is a little too prominent. We do not mean to say that Dickens's feelings were not on all occasions thoroughly genuine. We fully believe that they were; but we cannot avoid thinking also that he was too mindful of the effect he was producing upon the spectators; and, moreover, that he was rather a man of exceedingly versatile and vivid than of very deep emotions. He could represent any character on the stage, as Mr. Forster tells us, with amazing quickness, but he was "greater in quickness of assumption than in steadiness of delineation." His great merit was in assuming a variety of characters in rapid succession, and at one time, as appears from this volume, he thought of giving representations after the pattern of Charles Mathews, in which he would no doubt have succeeded admirably. In his writing as in his acting nobody ever surpassed, or perhaps approached, his quickness of observation; and no one of anything like the same ability was so incapable of penetrating far below the surface. Undoubtedly he had singularly strong temptations. Making an overpoweringly brilliant success in early youth, and ever afterwards flattered beyond all limits, it was natural that he should be content to work the superficial deposits of his mind, without trying to strike a deeper vein. Mr. Forster of course chooses to speak of his high sense of his own importance as illustrating "the resolute self-assertion of



great men in great places," and not "the fussy pretension of small men in great places"; and he assures us that "few men have had less" of presumption or self-conceit. We need not quarrel about words; but Dickens had assuredly an opinion of himself which, if not higher than Mr. Forster's, is not likely to be accepted by less idolatrous and less idolized critics. Mr. Forster gives us in this volume a characteristic passage between Dickens and Jeffrey. The old critic, who always warmly admired him, writes him a letter about *Dombey and Son*, such as those which Richardson used to receive from his female correspondents. Truth, delicacy, depth of pathos, and such expressions are used with liberality enough to satisfy any ordinary author; but, at the end, Jeffrey admits that he perhaps does not care enough about "Miss Tox and her Major and the chicks. But you know," he adds, "I always grudge the exquisite painting you waste on such portraits." Dickens comments on this in a letter to Mr. Forster by saying that it is "strange example of the hazard of writing in parts that such a man as Jeffrey should form his notion of *Dombey* and Miss Tox on three months' knowledge." Presumptuous old man! "I do not at heart," he continues, "lay much real stress on his opinion, though one is naturally proud of awakening such sincere interest in the breast of an old man who has so long worn the blue and yellow." Obviously the least hint, not that a character was positively bad, but that it was unworthy of the "exquisite painting" lavished upon it, was felt by Dickens as indicative of a want of appreciation fatal to the critic's character for acuteness. Very amiable and excellent men have been vain; and this little touch may remind us of Goldsmith's Garrick — "Who peppered the highest was surest to please." But Mr. Forster, unlike Goldsmith, makes it a principle to leave out the shadows when he is painting a portrait. To him everything that Dickens does or says is admirable; his taste is not cloyed by Dickens's sentimentalism, and he quite seriously accepts Dickens's own belief, that to publish a plentiful effusion of platitudes about "Yuletide" and turkeys and mincepies and country-dances is the same thing as to strike "a great blow for the poor." As seen from Mr. Forster's point of view, Dickens's anxiety about his own books, the amazing importance which he attaches to them, his apparent conviction that the central figure of this universe is the "inimitable Boz," becomes unduly conspicuous; for Dickens naturally dwells upon such

topics to excess in correspondence with a gentleman who appears to have acted as his right-hand man in all literary enterprises. It is amusing to see how thoroughly Dickens remains himself throughout, and how, when sketching with a marvellously quick eye the external oddities of life in Italy or Switzerland — with which much of the present volume is concerned — he always remains the inimitable Boz, and sighs for London streets amidst the palaces of Genoa and under the snows of Mont Blanc. Mr. Forster, as a critic is bound to do, sees the influence of the Alps and Italy in the works written at this time. We confess that our acuteness is not sufficient to enable us to follow him. Everywhere, as it seems to us, Dickens is pursued by the great British public, whose sentiments he expressed with such amazing fidelity, and regards foreigners from the outside as much as Sam Weller or Mrs. Gamp would have done. And everywhere, too, he is thinking, rather more than is good for him, of the tremendous sensations he is going to produce, and of his importance to the general system of things. Comparing the book with Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, the contrast is not in favour of Mr. Forster. In spite of Scott's follies and delusions, we learn at every page to love the kindly, simple, honourable gentleman. In Mr. Forster's pages we get a little out of patience with the brilliant writer whose one question always seems to be, How am I to dazzle the eyes of cockneys and draw tears from a too sentimental public?

A great deal of this impression, as we must finally repeat, is due to Mr. Forster's method. The real man Dickens seems persistently to elude us. We see him, as it were, talking to a literary friend in a publisher's ante-room, not as he was in domestic life or in his own privacy. We are introduced exclusively to that side of his character which he showed to the judicious adviser in his various enterprises, and it is only by glimpses that we see anything deeper. It is Mr. Forster's fault if we are left in doubt whether there was really something stronger and nobler behind, or whether the brilliant, sensitive, excitable outside was really the whole man.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE FASCINATION OF MONEY.

WITH thousands of Englishmen, and particularly, we fear, of educated Englishmen, money in any form, and particularly in the

form of masses of capital vested in one man's hand, excites the imagination as scarcely anything else does, sets them off dreaming about the grand things they would do if only they were to inherit or to acquire in any swift way one of those splendid fortunes. Great estates do not attract them in the same way, for great estates yield their returns slowly, and involve duties, and imply establishments; but with a fortune in money even of a quarter of a million, what might they not do for themselves, or their relatives, or their friends, or their children? They could make everybody happy—they do it in novels—and yet be richer than anybody themselves, a consoling consideration which makes liberality less irksome. Then, no one, however wise or self-restrained, is quite free from the liability to Alnaschar dreams, from lingering hopes of the full gratification of his master desire, be it to acquire power to maintain a consistent splendour, to surround himself with a court—a very frequent form of secret weakness—or only to play Mæcenas on a mighty scale. The most common dreams, however, are dreams of action; and the dreamers may be comforted by the thought that, in all human probability, they are dreams merely,—that they would do none of all the fine things which wealth, when still to be acquired, seems to render so easy. If there is one thing invariable about English millionaires, it is their inaction in such employment of their wealth. None of them use it for any well defined purpose external to themselves, whether good or evil. Not one makes of it an instrument of political power, though really great means, if skilfully and unscrupulously employed, might within certain limits acquire power in England as well as in America. Not one, or at all events not one male, executes any mighty work for the people, gives London water, or rebuilds Manchester, or turns a smaller city into an ideal municipality,—all of them tasks a man with Mr. Brassey's fortune, a strong will, and thirty years of life before him might reasonably attempt. Not one has attempted to solve a problem like peasant proprietorship, or to buy up an Irish county and see how perpetuity of tenure would work, or to endow a new Church militant, or to do anything on the grandly experimental scale. Not one has yet attempted to do mischief on any gigantic scale, and with a view only to the enjoyment of his own whim, though we could conceive of mischief—such, for example, as the conversion of islands into

hunting-grounds—which it is quite within the range of British imagination to devise and of money to accomplish. The wealth seems of itself to restrict instead of enfranchising the imagination, to diminish instead of developing originality, whether for good or evil. It affects, to begin with, the owner's belief in the power of money. The struggling professional man looks on a quarter of a million as Aladdin's lamp, but if he had it he would in ten years wonder why he could do so little. His first emotion would be a desire to make his money quite safe; his next, unless he was abnormally un-English, to possess "place;" and his next, to be rid of the worry of careful supervision. When he had obeyed those three instincts, he would find that he had invested his money—the purchase of land included—at about 3 1-4 per cent., that he had two establishments to keep up, that he had lost his old scale of calculation about all expenses, and that the £8,000 a year he was receiving was a very moderate income, out of which if he gave away a tenth he would be very liberal indeed. The idea of giving on a great scale would frighten him, as it frightened Vice-Chancellor Malins, who on Tuesday decided, no doubt wisely in the case before him, that great gifts were so improper that a solicitor who drew up the deeds conveying them ought to be soundly fined for lending his skill to assist in such deplorable acts of weakness. Until he reached a very high figure indeed, the sense of wealth would not come to him, and even when he had reached that figure there would remain the reluctance to part with capital, and a new sense of the difficulty of doing anything great, that is scenically great, out of the surplus income. Two millions will accomplish much, but a year's surplus, say of £40,000, will do but very little. The interests of ordinary life being gone—for after all it is difficult to work at anything except politics when the money payment for the work has lost all meaning—he would have to discover a new one, and would find it either in accumulation, or in building, or in buying, the latter a taste which can become a sovereign passion. The Medicean habit of mind would come upon him like a cloud, and he would find that of all his dreams not one could be realized without immense self-sacrifice, which he would have rather less energy to make than in the days when he dreamed of making it. And yet he would not be changed, but would only feel the old fascination of money in a new and slightly less imaginative form.

We are inclined to believe that this fascination of money, this desire for it as an instrument of power, increases immensely with the spread of culture and of what we call civilization — that so far from its being felt mainly by vulgar minds, it is affecting powerful and liberal minds far more deeply. They realize the might of cash much more strongly than their inferiors. You can mark the truth of that sentence in the writings of men like Beckford, of "Anastatius" Hope, of Edgar Poe — a born millionaire who never had a shilling — of Ben Jonson, of the heaps of modern writers who use wealth as the instrument of bliss. This spirit is not sordid, it is not even mean; but it is earthy, and it begins to be injurious. Tell a group of State servants, all of the higher and more intellectual class, that the modern hunger for salaries is all wrong, that honourable poverty, real poverty, is the best condition for the servants of the people, and they look at you and answer you as if you were teaching that an officer or an official should be debarred from all righteous enjoyments, — are, in fact, not so much disaffected to the theory as hurt and chagrined at its production. It hits them like an insult. Yet when Gibbon first made the remark, it was welcomed as being wise and with a ring in it of true nobility. So strong is the fascination, that it is positively discrediting the learned professions, which, as the knowing men will remark, in a gravely monitorial tone, are "now-a-days traps for the inexperienced." Caste feeling is still strong, and professional men hesitate to bring up their sons "to business," and resort to the whimsical compromise of encouraging them to adopt any profession except their own, — "because that, you see, John, is quite full," — but the class most enfranchised from caste bondage, the higher aristocracy, stretches out its hands for the glittering prize with a somewhat repulsive avidity. It is the fashion to hail the announcement that a Duke's son deals in tea as a sign of progress — we have hailed it as such ourselves — and no doubt it is a sign of increasing clearness of social perception, of a disposition to be more realistic in judging of the gains of life. But that obsolete old prejudice which compelled a noble to serve the State, and the State only, to take reward only from the King, to be a poor officer, or a poorer clergyman, or a shivering *attaché*, rather than a wealthy trader, had in it something of nobility too, something in many cases higher, though also in many cases lower, than our

modern hardness of realism. The man who, having to earn his living, is ashamed to earn it in a shop is an ass; but the man who prefers £300 a year in the Civil Service, say, or the Army, to £5,000 a year in trade, may often make a choice far more inspiring for his own higher nature. The gradual decline of the professions in the social scale will not be an unmixed good, tending as it must to the development of that fascination of money which is already pulverizing prejudice, and will end by overbearing intellectual conviction. The change of manners under which an aristocrat will be thought to lower himself by turning physician, or barrister, or journalist, but not to lower himself by selling goods, because the goods may yield a fortune, and the profession can only yield an income, will not, we suspect, be unmixed with evil, and it is immediately at hand. It will certainly injure the State, which will be driven to rely year by year more on the "competition wallah," the esurient man of new culture thirsting for money; and it may injure the community, which must fall every day more under the influence of money-makers, — that is, of the men who need have only the faculties necessary for business success, invaluable faculties, no doubt, but not those which made of two petty Mediterranean States two sources of perpetual light to succeeding mankind. Sir A. Helps, with all his worship of Mr. Brassey — a most favourable specimen of the character — would hardly aver that he could have made Athens or turned back the Jews from the worship of any but the one God, feats accomplished for mankind, the one by a minute caste of pleasure-loving slaveholders, the other by an Arab aristocrat bred a courtier in the most tyrannical and dissolute of Oriental Courts. That seems to us the worst of the fascination of money. We do not believe the millionaires do much harm, or spoil society, or deprave taste, or ruin the poor, or even increase the chasm between poor and rich — people must be more on a level to hate each other hard — but we do believe that the fascination of their position does in an ever-increasing ratio tend to draw the strongest of mankind from the service of State, from literature, from scientific speculation, into the pursuit of wealth, usually given to such men only when they let their lower faculties prevail. Euclid in our days would not have thought out geometric truth for mankind. He would have made five millions by building works which an average engineer could have built as well.



